

A
COLLECTION
OF
P O E M S
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.

COLLECTION



BRITISH MUSEUM

^k
A
COLLECTION
—
OF
P O E M S
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.

HENRY and EMMA by M. PRIOR.

AMYNTOR and THEODORA by D. MALLET.

PORSENNA KING of RUSSIA by the Rev.
DR. LISLE.

The TRAVELLER and the DESERTED
VILLAGE by O. GOLDSMITH.

The HERMIT by TH. PARNELL.

P A R I S :

Printed by J. G. A. STOUPE.

M. DCC. LXXIX.



HENRY AND EMMA.

A P O E M.

UPON THE MODEL OF

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

HENRY AND EMMA

A POEM

UPON THE MODEL OF

THE HUT-CROWN MAID

C
I
I
V
V
A
M
T
A
A
T
T
W
W
O
H
B

HENRY AND EMMA.

A

POEM.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command

(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play;
Careless of what the cens'ring world may say:
Bright CLOE, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall *the Nut-brown Maid* be old;
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have
At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd; (roll'd.
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer Man of Woman shall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd;
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.

4 HENRY AND EMMA.

And while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame;
O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me love, the just reward of verse.

As Beauty's potent Queen, with ev'ry grace
That once was EMMA's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful HENRY felt.
O let the story with thy life agree;
Let men once more the bright example see;
What EMMA was to him, be thou to me. }
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long intreated crown (one }
My pains and hopes; and when thou say'st that
Of all mankind thou lov'st; Oh! think on me
alone. }

W HERE beauteous ISIS and her husband TAME
With mingl'd waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful EDWARD with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his King's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd

A P O E M.

With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely past;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast,
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her EMMA; for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth, had born the name,
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as when little, round his knees she play'd;
He call'd her oft in sport his *Nut-brown Maid*:
The friends and tenants took the fondling word;
As still they please, who imitate their lord:
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun:
The mutual terms around the lands were
known;

And EMMA and the *Nut-brown Maid* were one.

As with her stature, still her charms encreas'd;
Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair?
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find, report for once had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by Passion mov'd,

HENRY AND EMMA

They came; they saw; they marvel'd; and the
By public praises, and by secret sighs (16v^d.
Each own'd the general pow'r of EMMA's eyes.
In tilts and turnaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds, to purchase EMMA's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest song with EMMA's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great VENUS only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's
heart,
Spight of th' attempts of force, and soft effects
of art.

Great VENUS must prefer the happy one:
In HENRY's cause her favour must be shown:
And EMMA, of mankind, must love but him
alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justify'd their flame;
More secret ways the careful HENRY takes;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes:
In borrow'd name, and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When EMMA hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
HENRY on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beachen pole he bears :
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,

A P O E M.

With knowing skill he drives the future prey.
 Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;
 And shews the path her steed may safest take.
 Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
 Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph
 crown'd;

And blows her praises in no common sound.

A Falc'ner HENRY is, when EMMA hawks:
 With her of tarsels, and of lures he talks.
 Upon his wrist the tow'ring Merlin stands;
 Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands.
 And when superior now the bird has flown,
 And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
 With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair;
 And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
 Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
 His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes.
 And by his look and sorrow is express'd,
 A nobler game pursu'd than bird or beast.

A Shepherd now along the plain he roves;
 And, with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
 The neighb'ring swains around the stranger
 Or to admire, or emulate his song: (throng.
 While, with soft sorrow, he renews his lays,
 Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
 But soon as EMMA's eyes adorn the plain,
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
 With dutiful respect and studious fear;
 Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

3 HENRY AND EMMA.

A frantic Gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the
child.

But when bright EMMA would her fortune know;
A softer look unbends his op'ning brow.
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye;
And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
And HYMEN's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had HENRY chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all, but beauteous EMMA's eyes:
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love:
Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That VENUS had confirm'd her equal reign, (pain.
And dealt to EMMA's heart a share of HENRY's

While CUPID smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd;
The am'rous youth frequents the silent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.

He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
 Great are his joys: But will they long remain?
 EMMA with smiles receives his present flame;
 But smiling, will she ever be the same?
 Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
 And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
 Another love may gain her easy youth: (truth.
 Time changes thought; and flatt'ry conquers
 O impotent estate of human life!

Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
 Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
 And most we question, what we most desire.
 Amongst thy various gifts, great heav'n, bestow
 Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
 Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
 With nauseous grief; for our ill-judging thought
 Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
 Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
 (Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
 By one great trial he resolves to prove
 The faith of Woman, and the force of love.
 If scanning EMMA's virtues, he may find
 That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure;
 And live a slave to HYMEN's happy pow'r.
 But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
 If pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
 Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;

10 HENRY AND EMMA.

His mind he vows to free from am'rous care
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war. }

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade :
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard ;
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods ;
HENRY, in knots involving EMMA's name,
Had half express'd, and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree : and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark ;
VENUS had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly show'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs ;
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for HENRY's hair :
Which as with gay delight the lover found ;
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present
crown'd,

Glorious thro'all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown :
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown. }

His secret note the troubled HENRY writes ;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites :
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;

That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct, and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd;
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former note,
Which VENUS dictated, and HENRY wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his *Nut-brown Maid*,
Which always blest'd her eyes, and own'd her
pow'r;

And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid,
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear HENRY EMMA wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay.
For love, fantastic pow'r, that is afraid
To stir abroad 'till watchfulness be laid;
Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys strays;
And leads his vorries safe thro' pathless ways.
Not ARGUS with his hundred eyes shall find,
Where CUPID goes; tho' he poor guide is blind.

The Maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear, and with desire, with joy and pain
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;

12 HENRY AND EMMA.

His artful bosom heaves dissembl'd sighs ;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love :
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair ; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break.
Attentive stood the mournful nymph : the man
Broke silence first : the tale alternate ran.

M A N.

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
EMMA, beyond what woman knows to feign ?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love ?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey ?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd ;
As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd ?
And wept the potent God's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart ?
If so, with pity view my wretched state ;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate :
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms ;
By fortune favour'd, and successful arms :
And only, as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.

For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
 For lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd;
 These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
 A shameful death attends my longer stay;
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,
 Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man to
 rove.

E M M A.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
 And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is EMMA's joy, if HENRY flies?
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear,
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
 The flames, which long have in my bosom
 reign'd:

The God of love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
 His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indifference of *the Nut-brown Maid*:
 Nor to hard banishment shall HENRY run;

14 H E N R Y A N D E M M A .

While careless EMMA sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe ;
For I attest fair VENUS, and her son ,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

H E N R Y .

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way ;
And take good heed, what men will think and say :
That beauteous EMMA vagrant courses took ;
Her father's house and civil life forsook :
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man ,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd ;
And virgin honour once, is always stain'd :
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun :
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame ;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out
 shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love ;
And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woods to
 rove.

E M M A .

Let EMMA's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old :
Let ev'ry tongue its various censures chuse ;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse :
Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise ;

And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my presence make thy travels light;
And potent VENUS shall exalt my name,
Above the rumours of censorious fame:
Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
Will ever EMMA other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be
known:
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the
With active force repel the sturdy foe? (bow?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all
pale;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee
love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to
rove.

E M M A.

With fatal certainty THALESTRIS knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew :
 And great in arms, and foremost in the war ,
 BONDUCA brandish'd high the *British* spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance , and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame ?
 And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire
 More hardy virtue , and more gen'rous fire ?

Near thee , mistrust not , constant I'll abide ,
 And fall , or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Tho' my inferior strength may not allow ,
 That I should bear , or draw the warrior bow ;
 With ready hand , I will the shaft supply ,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touch'd in the battel by the hostile reed ,
 Should'st thou (but Heaven avert it!) should'st
 thou bleed ,

To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear ; (hair :
 Wash them with tears , and wipe them with my
 Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown ,
 That I , of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou , tender maid , canst thou sustain
 Afflictive want , or hunger's pressing pain ?
 Those limbs , in lawn and softest silk array'd ,
 From sun-beams guarded , and of winds afraid ;
 Can they bear angry JOVE ? Can they resist

The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
 When chill'd by adverse snows, and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
 When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
 Berries and acorns, from the neigh'ring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
 (Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding fate?
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return: (mourn:
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love, (rove?
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to

E M M A.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determin'd to recede?
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
 While gentle ZEPHYRS play in prosp'rous gales,
 And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails:
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shoar,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
 No HENRY, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
 Nor wild, nor deep our common way divide.

18 HENRY AND EMMA.

When from the cave thou risest with the day;
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
 The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
 And chearful sit, to wait my lord's return.
 And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer;
 (For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
 I'll fetch quick fewel from the neighb'ring wood,
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
 With humble duty and officious haste,
 I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast:
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring;
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
 And when at night with weary toil oppress,
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
 Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care;
 And joyous ask at morn's returning ray,
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
 My thought shall fix, my latest wish depend
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
 By all these sacred names be HENRY known
 To EMMA's heart: and grateful let him own,
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him
 alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
 Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
 Must leave the habit, and the sex behind.

No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful breeds with various ribbon bound;
No longer shall the boddice aptly lac'd,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments artful pleat,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
Crop'd off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth: a horse-man's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side: (knee
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free:
And with a bolder stride, and looser air,
Mingl'd with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor Solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long, since CYNTHIA and her train were there:
Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and out-laws shall offend thy view:
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,

The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :
 By sloth corrupted , by disorder fed ,
 Made bold by want , and prostitute for bread :
 With such must EMMA hunt the tedious day ,
 Assist their violence , and divide their prey :
 With such she must return at setting light ,
 Tho' not partaker , witness of their night.
 Thy ear , inur'd to charitable sounds ,
 And pitying love , must feel the hateful wounds
 Of jest obscene , and vulgar ribaldry ,
 The ill-bred question , and the lewd reply ;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse ,
 Must hear the frequent oath , the direful curse ,
 That latest weapon of the wretches war ,
 And blasphemy , sad comrade of despair.

Now , EMMA , now the last reflection make ,
 What thou would'st follow , what thou must forsake ;
 By our ill-omen'd stars , and adverse heav'n ,
 No middle object to thy choice is given.
 Or yield thy virtue , to attain thy love ; (rove.
 Or leave a banish'd man , condemn'd in woods to

E M M A.

O Grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
 Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run
 Too near the paths , which virtue bids thee shun.
 Yet with her HENRY still let EMMA go ;
 With him abhor the vice , but share the woe :

And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst ; if HENRY still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within ;
And from the finner's mind proceeds the sin :
By her own choice free virtue is approv'd ;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger , gains no praise.
In a small isle , amidst the widest seas ,
Triumphant constancy has fix'd her seat :
In vain the syrens sing , the tempests beat :
Their flatt'ry she rejects , nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I dress :
Condemn'd them , or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone ,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone :
For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
The woman , HENRY , shall put off her pride
For thee : my cloaths , my sex , exchange'd for thee ,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
O line , extream of human infamy !

Wanting the scissors , with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.

Black foot , or yellow walnut shall disgrace

This little red and white of EMMA's face.

These nails with scratches shall deform my

Left by my look , or colour be express'd (breast ,

The mark of ought high-born , or ever better
dress'd.

Yet in this commerce , under this disguise ,

22 HENRY AND EMMA.

Let me be grateful still to HENRY's eyes;
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
 My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
 That leaving all mankind, I love but him alone,

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
 Name, habit, parents, woman left behind,
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me: said EMMA so?
 Or did I dream what EMMA never said?
 O guilty error! and O vretched maid!
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible
 flame.

Now why should doubtful terms thy mind per-
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex: (plex?
 No longer loose desire for constant love (rove.
 Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and
 swords;

That EMMA thus must die by HENRY's words?
 Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame! (fame.
 More fatal HENRY's words; they murder EMMA's
 And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,

Where civil speech, and soft persuasion hung;
 Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes to its aid;
 And, whilst it HENRY'S glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blam'd the coldness of the *Nut-brown Maid*?

Let envious jealousy, and canker'd spight
 Produce my actions to severest light,
 And tax my open day, or secret night.
 Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
 And hast thou, HENRY, in my conduct known
 One fault, but that which I must ever own,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
 Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
 False are our words; and fickle is our mind:
 Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
 When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
 We lift the battel-ax, and draw the bow:
 When fir'd with passion we attack the fair,
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;

24 HENRY AND EMMA.

Our falshood and our arms have equal use;
As they our conquest, or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive;
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou
pursue?

Forget the present flame, indulge a new.
Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth;
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and
leave.

Hence let thy CUPID aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's
flight.

Why should'st thou weep? let nature judge our
case,

I saw thee young, and fair; pursu'd the chase
Of youth, and beauty: I another saw
Fairer, and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursu'd
More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms;
With present pow'r compels me to her arms.

And

And much I fear, from my subjected mind
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
 CUPID averse rejects divided vows:
 Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
 An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
 And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods
 to rove.

E M M A.

Are we in life thro' one great error led?
 Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
 Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
 Am I of mine the most compleatly curst?
 Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
 This happy object of our different care,
 Her let me follow; her let me attend,
 A servant; (she may scorn the name of friend).
 What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
 I'll weave her garlands; and I'll pleat her hair:
 My busy diligence shall deck her board;

16 HENRY AND EMMA.

(For there at least I may approach my lord)
 And when her HENRY's softer hours advise
 His servant's absence; with dejected eyes,
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease;
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
 When HENRY's mistress shows him EMMA dead;
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
 With virgin honours let my herse be deckt,
 And decent emblem; and at least persuade
 This happy nymph, that EMMA may be laid,
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
 The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from HENRY's vows eternal love.
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
 If EMMA's image ever touch'd thy heart;
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one
 To her, whom love abandon'd to despair; (tear
 To her, who dying, on the wounded stone
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious VENUS, hear;
 And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I swear;

No time, no change, no future flame shall move
 The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
 O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
 At least excuse a tryal too severe:
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
 No purjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
 Fairest collection of thy sexe's charms,
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth:
 HENRY, thy HENRY, with eternal truth,
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
 And found his glory in his EMMA's joy.

In me behold the potent EDGAR's heir,
 Illustrious earl: him terrible in war
 Let *Loyre* confess, for she has felt his sword,
 And trembling fled before the *British* lord.
 Him great in peace and wealth fair *Dey* knows;
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
 Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
 And sees his num'rous herd imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy
 thought

To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought
 With solemn pomp to my paternal seat;
 Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
 Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
 And while the priests accuse the bride's delay;
 Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

28 HENRY AND EMMA.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn ;
 And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
 Succeeding years their happy race shall run ,
 And age unheeded by delight come on ;
 While yet superior love shall mock his pow'r :
 And when old TIME shall turn the fated hour ,
 Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold ;
 What rests of both , one sepulchre shall hold :

Hence then for ever from my EMMA's breast
 (That heav'n of softness , and that seat of rest)
 Ye doubts and fears , and all that know to move
 Tormenting grief , and all that trouble love ,
 Scatter'd by winds recede , and wild in forests
 rove .

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose !
 Period and end of anxious EMMA's woes !
 Sire of her joy , and source of her delight ;
 O ! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight ,
 And give each future morn a tincture of thy
 white .

Yet tell thy votary , potent Queen of love ,
 HENRY , my HENRY , will he never rove ?
 Will he be ever kind , and just , and good ?
 And is there yet no mistress in the wood ?
 None , none there is : the thought was rash and
 A false idea , and a fancy'd pain . (vain ;
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart ,
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart ;

Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And FORTUNE'S various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet, the suppliant Goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior pow'rs
Must mark the colour of my future hours.

From the events which thy commands create,
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And HENRY'S will must dictate EMMA'S fate.

Yet while with close delight, and inward pride,
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With pow'r invested, and with pleasure chear'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoaking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;

And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive LOVES, a numerous crowd:
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they
They rumbl'd all their little quivers o'er, (bow'd:
To chuse propitious shafts, a precious store:
That when their God should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers constancy, should share their fate.

The Queen of beauty stop'd her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the LOVES;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the God of war: }
Soon as she calls, the God is always near.

Now MARS, she said, let FAME exalt her voice;
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
But when she sings great EDWARD from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield }
In CONCORD's temple hung, and Gallia taught
to yield:

And when, as prudent SATURN shall compleat
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd pow'r shall take her trump again,

To sing her fav'rite ANNA's wond'rous reign;
 To recollect unweary'd MARLBORÔ's toils,
 Old RUFUS' hall unequal to his spoils;
 The *British* soldier from his high command
 Glorious, and *Gaul* thrice vanquish'd by his hand:
 Let her at least perform what I desire;
 With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
 And tell the nations in no vulgar strain,
 What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
 And when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
 And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
 Faithful may'st thou, like *British* HENRY prove;
 And EMMA-like let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
 And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the CYPRIAN deity
 Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
 And thou, she smiling said, great God of days
 And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise,
 As on the *British* earth, my fav'rite isle,
 Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
 Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
 Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
 From ev'ry annual course let one great day,
 To celebrated sports and floral play
 Be set aside; and in the softest lays
 Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise,
 And everlasting marks of honour paid,
 To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

THE
NUT-BROWN MAID.

A Poem written three hundred years since.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit, than the having afforded the ground-work to Prior's HENRY and EMMA, this ought to preserve it from oblivion.

THE
NUT-BROWN MAID,
A P O E M.

BE it ryght or wronge, these men amonge
On wymen do complayne;
Affyrmynge thys, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For lete a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne;
Yet, yf a new do them persue,
Theyr fyrst true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a banishyd man.

B;

34 THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

I say not nay, but that al day
 It is bothe wryt and sayd,
 That woman's fayth is, as who fayth,
 All utterly decayd:
 But neverthelesse ryght good wytnesse
 In thys case myght be layd,
 That they love trewe, and contynewe,
Record the Nut-brown Mayd.
 Whych from her love, (whan her to prove,
 He came to make hys mone)
 Wolde not depart; for in her herte
 She lov'd but hym alone.

Than betwayne us, let us dyscuss,
 What was al the manere,
 Betwayne them two; we wyl also
 Telle al the peyne and fere
 That she was in. Now I begyn,
 So that ye me answere.
 Wherefore alle ye, that present be,
 I pray ye gyve an eare.

M A N.

I am the Knyght; I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can;
 Sayinge, alas! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

And I your wyl for to fulfyl
 In this wyl not refuse ;
 Trustynge tos hewe, in wordys fewe,
 That men have an ylle use,
 (To theyr own shame) wymen to blame,
 And causelesse them asculse :
 Therefore to you I answere now ;
 Alle wymen to excuse :
 Myne owne herte dere, wyth you what chere ?
 I pray you, telle anone ;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

It standeth so ; a dede is do ;
 Wherefore moche harme shal growe ;
 My desteny is for to dy
 A shamful dethe, I trowe :
 Or els to flee : the one must be :
 None other way I knowe,
 But to wythdrawe, as an outlawe,
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherefore adyewe, myne owne herte trewe :
 None other rede I can ;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

36 THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

W O M A N.

O Lorde! what is thys worldys blyfs,
 That chaungeth as the mone?
 My somers day, in lusty may,
 Is derked before the none.
 I here you say, farwell: nay, nay,
 We departe not soo sone:
 Why say ye so? whyder wyl ye go?
 Alas! what have ye done?
 Alle my welfare to sorrow and care
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

I can beleve, it shal you greeve,
 And somewhat you dystrayne;
 But aftywarde, your paynes harde,
 Wythyn a day or twayne,
 Shal sone aflake; and ye shal take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why sholde ye nought? for to make thought,
 Your labour were in vayne.
 And thus I do, and pray you too,
 As hertely as I can;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banishyd man,

W O M A N.

Now, fythe that ye have shew'd to me
 The secret of your mynde ;
 I shal be playne to you agayne ,
 Lyke as ye shal me fynde.
 Sythe it is so that ye wyl go ,
 I wolle not leve behynde :
 Shal never be sayd , *the Nut-brown Mayd*
 Was to her love unkynde.
 Make you redy ; for so am I ;
 Although it were anone :
 For in my mynde , of al mankynde ,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yet I you rede , to take good hede ,
 What men wyl thynke and say ;
 Of yonge and olde it shal be tolde ,
 That ye be gone away ,
 Your wanton wyl , for to fulfyl ,
 In grene wode yon to play ;
 And that ye myght from your delyght
 Noo lenger make delay.
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me ,
 Be called an ylle woman ;
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go ,
 Alone , a banishyd man,

38 THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

W O M A N.

Though it be songe, of olde and yonge,
 That I sholde be to blame;
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large,
 In hurtyng of my name:
 For I wyl prove, that faythful love
 It is devoyd of shame;
 In your dystresse, and heavynesse,
 To part wyth you the same.
 And sure alle too, that doo not so,
 Trewe lovers are they none:
 But in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

I counceyle you, remember how,
 It is no mayden's lawe,
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out
 To wode wyth an outlawe:
 For ye must there, in your hand bere
 A bowe redy to drawe;
 And as a thefe, thus ye must lyve
 Ever in drede and awe.
 Whereby to you grete harme myght grow,
 Yet I had lever than,
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

I thynke not, nay, but as ye say,

It is noo mayden's lore;

But love may make me for your sake,

As I have sayd before,

To come on fote, to hunte and shote,

To gete us mete in store.

For so that I your company

May have, I ask noo more:

For whych to parte, It maketh myne herte

As colde as any stone.

For in my mynde, of al mankynde,

I love but you alone.

M A N.

For an outlawe, thys is the lawe,

That men hym take and bynde,

Without pytee, hanged to bee,

And waver wyth the wynde.

Yf I had neede, as God forbede!

What rescous coude ye fynde?

Forsothe, I trowe, ye and your bowe

Sholde drawe for fere behynde.

And no mervayle; for lytel avayle

Were in your counceyle than:

Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,

Alone, a banishyd man.

40 THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

W O M A N.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that wymen be,
 But febyl for to fyght:
 Noo womanhede it is, in deede,
 To be holde as a knyght.
 Yet in such fere yf that ye were,
 Wyth enemyes day and nyght;
 I wolde withstande, wyth bowe in hande;
 To greve them as I myght:
 And you to save, as wymen have
 From dethe men many one:
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yet take good hede! for ever I drede
 That ye coude not sustayne
 The thorney weyes, the depe valeyes,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete. For dry, or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne;
 And us above, noon other rofe,
 But a brake, bush, or twayne:
 Whych sone sholde greve you, I beleve;
 And ye wolde gladely than,
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone a banishyd man.

A P O E M.

W O M A N.

Sythe I have here been partynere
Wyth you of joy and blyfs,
I must also, parte of your woo
Endure, as reson is.
Yet am I sure of one plesure;
And, shortely, it is thys:
That where ye be, me seemeth, pardy
I coude not fare amyfs.
Wythout more speche, I you besече,
That we were soon agone:
For in my mynde; of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yf ye goo thyder, ye must confyder,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
There shal no mete be for to gete,
Nor drynke here, ale, ne wyne;
Ne shetys clepe, to ly betwene,
Made of threde and twyne;
Noon other house, but levys and bowes,
To kever your hede and myne.
O myne herte swete, thys ylle dyete
Sholde make you pale and wan:
Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
Alone, a banishyd man,

42 THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

W O M A N

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archiere,
 As men say that ye be,
 We may not fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is so grete plente.
 And watyr cleere of the ryvere
 Shall be full swete to me:
 Wyth whych in hele, I shal ryght welle
 Endure, as ye shal see.
 And er we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Loo! yet before, ye must do more,
 If ye wyl go wyth me;
 As cutte your here, up by your ere,
 Your kyrtel by the knee.
 Wyth bowe in hande, for to wythstande
 Your enemyes, yf nede be:
 And thys same nyght, before day-lyght,
 To wode-warde wyl I flee.
 And yf ye wyl al thys fulfyl,
 Do it shortly as ye can;
 Els wyl I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

I shal as now do more for you,
 Than longeth to womanhede,
 To shorte my here, a bowe to here,
 To shote in tyme of nede.
 O my swete mother, before alle other,
 For you have I most drede:
 But now adyewe! I must ensue,
 Where fortune doth me lede.
 Al thys make ye, and let us flee;
 The day run fast upone:
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Nay, nay, not so: ye shal not go:
 And I shal telle ye why:
 Your appetyght is to be lyght
 Of love, I wele espy.
 For ryght as ye have sayd to me
 In lyke wyfe hardely
 Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayd of olde; sone hote, sone colde:
 And so is a woman:
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

44 THE NUT-BROWN MAID;

W O M A N.

Yf ye take hede, it is noo nede
 Such wordys to fay by me:
 For ofte ye pray'd, and longe assay'd,
 Er I you lov'd, par-dy.
 And though that I of auncestry
 A baron's daughter bee;
 Yet have you prov'd, how I you lov'd,
 A squyere of low degree;
 And ever shal, what so befall,
 To dy therefore anone;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

A baron's chylde to be begylde,
 It were a curfed dede:
 To be felawe with an outlawe,
 Almyghty God. forbede!
 It bettyr were, the pore squyere
 Alone to forrest spede;
 Than ye shal fay, another day,
 That by that wycked dede
 Ye were betrayd. Wherefore good mayd,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is that I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

W O M A N.

Whatsoever befall, I never shal,
 Of thys thyng you upbrayd:
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,
 Than have ye me betrayd.
 Remember ye wele, how that ye dele;
 For yf ye, as ye sayd,
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde
 Your love, the *Nut-brown Mayd*;
 Trust me truely, that I shal dy
 Sone after ye be gone;
 For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
 For in the Forrest now
 I have pervey'd me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you.
 Another fayrere than e'er ye were;
 I dare it wele avowe:
 And of you bothe, eche sholde be wrothe
 Wyth other, as I trowe.
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pefe;
 So wyl I, yf I can:
 Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
 Alone, a banishyd man.

46 THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

W O M A N.

Though in the wode, I undyrstode,
 Ye had a paramour;
 Al thys may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyl be your.
 And she shal fynde me soft and kynde,
 And curteys every hour,
 Glad to fulfyl al that she wyl
 Commaunde me to my pow'r.
 For had ye loo, an hundred moo;
 Yet wolde I be that one:
 For in my mynde, of al mapkynde,
 I love but you alone.

M A N.

Myne owne dere love, I see the prove,
 That ye be kynde and trewe;
 Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
 The best that ever I knewe.
 Be merery and glad; be no more sad;
 The case is chaunged newe;
 For it were ruthe, that for your truthe
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
 Be not difmayd; whatsover I sayd
 To you whan I began:
 I wyl not to the grene wode go;
 I am no banishyd man.

W O M A N.

They's tydyngs be more glad to me,
Than to be made a quene;
Yf I were sure, they sholde endure:
But it is often sene,
Whan men wyl breke promyse, they speke
The wordys on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle,
And stele fro me, I wene.
Than were the case worse than it was;
And I more woo begone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

M A N.

Ye shal not nede further to drede:
I wyl not disparage
You. God defende! fythe you descende,
Of so grete a lynage.
Now undyrstande, to *Westmarlande*,
Whych is myne herytage,
I wyl you brynge; and wyth a rynge,
B way of maryage
I wyl you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can.
Thus have ye wone an erlye's sone,
And not a banishyd man,

48 THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye see that wymen be
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable;
 Lete never man reprove them than,
 Or cal them variable:
 But, rather, pray God that we may
 To them be comfortable;
 Whych sometyme proveth such, as he loveth,
 Yf they be charytable.
 For fythe men wolde that wymen sholde
 Be meke to them each one;
 Moche more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but hym alone.

AMYNTOR

A M Y N T O R
A N D
THEODORA:
O R,
THE HERMIT.

ADDRESSED TO
THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD:

A MYSTORY

AND

THEODORA

THE HERMIT.

ADDRESSED TO

MELTARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE P R E F A C E.

THE following poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: tho', to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the Scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or western isles that surround one part of Great Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in a little treatise published, near half a century ago, under the title of a Voyage to ST. KILDA. The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes at length the situation, extent, and produce of that solitary Island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually; and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the

inhabitants: a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: *plus valuit apud Hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Graecos omnia philosophorum praecepta.*

They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold; but barter among themselves for the few necessities they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor; for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry, and compose not only songs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those Islanders, having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger Isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city, without being led by the hand. At sight of the

great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but insisted that, in his native country of ST. KILDA, there were other still higher. However, the caverns formed in it; so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised, were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to shew their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, as in his own Island there grows not a shrub, equally surprised and delighted him: but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters; and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world: for, said he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among such sort of men it was that AURELIUS

sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles the second : when those who governed Scotland under him , with no less cruelty than impolicy , made the people of that country desperate ; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were often the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics , or seditious , they affected to herd , and of course persecuted , whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant , signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them without process or conviction: and I know that the original is still kept in the secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say , that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by AU-RELIUS in the second canto , as drawn from the wantonness of imagination , when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foresee: and , in his humble , but happy retirement, he needs not be over-anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one

regular and consistent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all, in effectually touching the passions, which, as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph of poetry; the candor of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes or failures in things of less importance.

TO

MRS. M ALLET.

THOU faithful Partner of a heart thy own,
Whose pain, or pleasure, springs from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
That, in sweet union, harmonize thy mind:
Here, while thy eyes, for sad AMYNTOR's woe,
And THEODORA's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wish to heaven prefer'd
For thee, for him, by gracious heaven be heard!
So *her* fair hour of fortune shall be thine,
Unmix'd; and all AMYNTOR's fondness mine.
So, thro' long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall *Love* light up, and *Friendship* close our day:
Till, summon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

A M Y N T O R
AND
THE ODORA:
OR,
THE HERMIT.
CANTO I.

FAR in the watry waste, where his broad wave
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls,
On from the piny shores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé east, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remotest KILDA lifts;
Last of the Sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial Train, Britannia's parent-coast.
Thrice happy land! tho' freezing on the verge
Of Artic skies; yet, blameless still of arts
That polish, to deprave, each softer clime,
With simple nature, simple virtue blest!
Beyond Ambition's walk: where never War
Uprear'd his sanguine standard; nor unsheath'd,

58 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

For wealth or power, the desolating sword,
Where Luxury, soft Syren, who around
To thousand Nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane that soothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm Content
That lives to Reason; ancient Faith that binds
The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union; Innocence of ill
Their guardian Genius: these, the Powers that rule
This little world, to all its sons secure
Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
From passion's rage, the body from disease.
Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
Firm in each sinew vigor's plyant spring,
By Temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime. These light up their morn,
And close their eye in slumber sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of Oceans raging round. But last and best,
What Avarice, what Ambition shall not know,
True Liberty is theirs, the heaven-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With Independence dwells; and Peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muse! O whether from the depth
Of evening-forest, brown with broadest shade;

Or from the brow sublime of vernal alp
 As morning dawns ; or from the vale at noon ,
 By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
 Thro' bowery groves ; where Inspiration sits
 And listens to thy lore , auspicious come !
 O'er these wild waves , o'er this unharbour'd shore ,
 Thy wing high-hovering spread ; and to the gale ,
 The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
 From echoing hill to hill , thy lyre attune
 With answering cadence free , as best beseems
 The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds .

Here , good AURELIUS— and a scene more wild
 The world around , or deeper solitude ,
 Affliction could not find —AURELIUS here ,
 By fate unequal and the crime of war
 Expell'd his native home , the sacred vale
 That saw him blest , now wretched and unknown ;
 Wore out the flow remains of setting life
 In bitterness of thought : and with the surge ,
 And with the sounding storm his murmur'd moan
 Would often mix —Oft as remembrance sad
 Th' unhappy past recall'd ; a faithful wife ,
 Whom love first chose , whom reason long endear'd ;
 His soul's companion and his softer friend ;
 With one fair daughter , in her rosy prime ,
 Her dawn of opening charms , defenceless left
 Within a tyrant's grasp ! his foe profess'd ,
 By civil madness , by intemperate zeal
 For differing rites , embitter'd into hate ,

And cruelty remorseless! — Thus he liv'd :
 If this was life , to load the blast with sighs ;
 Hung o'er its edge , to swell the flood with tears ,
 At midnight-hour : for midnight frequent heard
 The lonely mourner , desolate of heart ,
 Pour all the husband , all the father forth
 In unavailing anguish ; stretch'd along
 The naked beach ; or shivering on the cliff ,
 Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm ,
 Hail, snow and shower, dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours ; till Time , the wretche's friend
 Life's great physician , skill'd alone to close ,
 Where sorrow long has wak'd , the weeping eye ,
 And from the brain , with baleful vapours black ,
 Each sullen spectre chase , his balm at length ,
 Lenient of pain , thro' every fever'd pulse
 With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
 Arose , but unassur'd : as after winds
 Of rustling wing , the sea subsiding slow
 Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first ,
 Her throne resuming , bid Devotion raise
 To heaven his eye ; and thro' the turbid mists ,
 By sense dark-drawn between , adoring own ,
 Sole arbiter of fate , one CAUSE supreme ,
 All-just , all-wise , who bids what still is best ,
 In cloud or sun-shine ; whose severest hand
 Wounds but to heal , and chastens to amend.

Thus , in his bosom , every weak excess ,
 The rage of grief , the feltness of revenge ,

To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
 By virtue's hand ; and in her brightening beam
 Each error clear'd away , as fen-born fogs
 Before th' ascending sun ; thro' faith he lives
 Beyond time's bounded continent ; the walks
 Of sin and death. Anticipating heaven
 In pious hope , he seems already there ,
 Safe on her sacred shore ; and fees beyond ;
 In radiant view , the world of light and love ,
 Where peace delights to dwell ; where one fair morn
 Still orient smiles , and one diffusive spring ,
 That fears no storm and shall no winter know ,
 Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
 Yet murmurs from his breast ; 'tis for the pangs
 Those dearest names , a wife , a child , must feel ,
 Still suffering in his fate : 'tis for a foe ,
 Who , deaf himself to mercy , may of heaven
 That mercy , when most wanted , ask in vain.

The sun , now station'd with the lucid Twins ,
 O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse
 The rosy year ; and in each pleasing hue ,
 That greens the leaf , or thro' the blossom glows
 With florid light , his fairest Month array'd :
 While zephire , while the silver-footed dews ,
 Her soft attendants , wide o'er field and grove
 Fresh spirit breathe , and shed perfuming balm.
 Nor here , in this chill region , on the brow
 Of winter's waste dominion , is unfelt
 The ray ethereal , or unhail'd the rise

62 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild-thyme flowering, betony and balme,
Blue lavender and carmel's spicy root *,
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.

But, high above, the season full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of passage transmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At nature's summons their æreal state
Annual to found; and in bold voyage steer,
O'er this wide ocean, thro' yon pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore:
By heaven's directive spirit, here to raise
Their temporary realm; and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
AURELIUS, from the western bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,

* The root of this plant, otherwise named *argatilis sylvaticus*, is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 180.

From pole to pole thro' boundless space diffus'd,
 Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
 Leviathan, with each inferior name
 Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes
 Finds endless range for pasture and for sport.
 Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
 The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
 Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
 Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere;
 With every wind to waft large commerce on,
 Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
 And link in bonds of intercourse and love
 Earth's universal family. Now rose
 Sweet evening's solemn hour. The sun declin'd
 Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
 Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
 Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
 With splendor undiminish'd; and each cloud,
 White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
 In fair æreâ landscape. Here, alone
 On earth's remotest verge, AURELIUS breath'd
 The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
 With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
 In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath.
 When lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
 Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
 From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
 At twilight-hour, remote and hollow heard
 Thro' wintry pines, high-waving o'er the steep

Of sky-crown'd Apenine. The Sea-Py ceas'd
 At once to warble. Screaming, from his nest
 The Fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
 From shore to sea. On came, before her hour,
 Invading night *, and hung the troubled sky
 With fearful blackness round. Sad ocean's face
 A curling undulation shivery swept
 From wave to wave: and now impetuous rose,
 Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,
 The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
 Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.
 Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
 Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
 Projected frowns, AURELIUS stood apall'd:
 His stun'd ear smote with all the thundering main!
 His eye with mountains surging to the stars!
 Commotion infinite! Where yon last wave
 Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
 Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds:
 Yet distant seen and dim; till, onward borne
 Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
 Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
 Bounds on his eye distinct. With sharpen'd ken
 Its course he watches, and in awful thought (hear,
 That Power invokes, whose voice the wild winds
 Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heaven,
 And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
 In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
 But O ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
 For death bestrides the billow; nor your own,
 Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
 Of instant fate. And lo! his secret seat,
 Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
 A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
 The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes:
 And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
 Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
 Turbid and terrible, with hail and rain,
 Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
 In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depths
 Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
 The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
 Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
 Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall;
 And each rent sail flies loose in distant air.
 Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
 Half-ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
 Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—
 Ah! save them, heaven! it bursts in deluge down
 With boundless undulation. Shore and sky
 Rebellow to the roar. At once engulph'd,
 Vessel and crew beneath its torrent-sweep
 Are sunk, to rise no more. AURELIUS wept:
 The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
 He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene,
 And brooding, in sad silence, o'er the sight

66 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heaven in sighs: thy will be done,
Not mine, supreme DISPOSER of Events;
But death demands a tear, and man must feel
For human woes: the rest submission checks.

Not distant far, where this receding bay
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch *
Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate,
Ample and broad and pillar'd massy-proof,
Of some unfolding temple. On its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks, (food
That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant
Untended crop. As thro' this cavern'd path,
Involv'd in pensive thought AURELIUS past,
Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
Remurmur'd shrill, he stop'd, he rais'd his head;
And saw th' assembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A shipwreck'd man. All-motionless on earth
He lay. The living lustre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguish'd from his cheek:
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, thro' hovering mists at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
The briny wave: and close within his grasp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long

* See *Martin's voyage to St. Kilda*, p. 20.

Had stem'd the flood with agonizing breast,
 And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
 He seem'd, and built by nature's noblest hand;
 Wherebold proportion, and where softening grace
 Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

AURELIUS, from the breathless clay, his eye
 To heaven imploring rais'd: then, for he knew
 That life, within her central cell retir'd,
 May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
 He bid transport it speedy thro' the vale,
 To his poor cell that lonely stood and low,
 Safe from the north beneath a sloping hill:
 An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
 On columns rude; its roof with reverend moss
 Light-shaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
 That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
 They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
 The vapory air with aromatic smells:
 Then, drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn
 From mountain-plants, within his lips infus'd.
 Slow, from the mortal transe, as men from dreams
 Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes:
 While life, to scarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
 His fluttering pulse; and gradual o'er his cheek
 The rosy current wins its reflux way.
 Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
 Severe on heaven, on the surrounding hills
 With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
 Dissolv'd in tears around: then clos'd again,

68 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

As loathing light and life. At length, in sounds
 Broken and eager, from his heaving breast
 Distraction spoke—Down, down with every sail.
 Mercy, sweet heaven—Ha! now whole ocean
 sweeps
 In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!
 We will not part—Help! help! yon wave, behold!
 That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.
 O for a sun to light this black abyss!
 Gone—lost—for ever lost! He ceas'd. Amaze
 And trembling on the pale assistants fell:
 Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
 AURELIUS bid depart. A pause ensu'd,
 Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
 Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
 Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
 Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin
 Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade
 The sacred silence due to grief supreme.
 Then thus at last. O from devouring seas
 By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
 Thy sense return'd can yet discern the Hand,
 All-wonderful, that thro' yon raging sea,
 Yon whirling waste of tempest, led thee safe;
 That Hand divine with grateful awe confess,
 With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
 Wast number'd with the dead; and clos'd within
 Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled;
 And human help in vain—th' almighty VOICE,

Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the Deep
Yield up its prey: that by his mercy sav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May justify; to all the sons of men,
Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
Such praise delights him most —

He hears me not.

Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Thro' the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream —

Yet, speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myself most wretched and in sorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to share in every pang
The wretched feel; to soothe the sad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every son and daughter of distress.

Speak then, and give thy laboring bosom vent:
My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Thro' reason's pathes, to happiness and heaven.

The HERMIT thus: and after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the MAN unknown.

What have I heard?—On this untravel'd shore,
Nature's last limit, hem'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith,
A comforter to find! whose language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whose breast

The gracious meltings of sweet pity move —
 Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
 Is lost in wonder—But, thou good Unknown,
 If woes, for ever wedded to despair,
 That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me
 A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
 Combine to curse; whom never future morn
 Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
 Descending shade—O son of this wild world!
 From social converse tho' for ever barr'd,
 Tho' chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
 Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
 Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
 By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;
 O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life,
 Touch'd by a beam from Beauty all-divine,
 Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
 In pleasing tumult pour'd thro' every vein,
 And panting at the heart, when first our eye
 Receives impression! Then, as passion grew,
 Did heaven consenting to thy wish indulge
 That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,
 That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
 Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
 Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
 If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
 My joys conceiving, image my despair,
 How total!—how extreme! For this, all this,
 Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood?

Lies lost and bury'd there—O awful heaven!
 Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
 Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
 Can'st tell what I have lost—O ill-starr'd Maid!
 O most undone AMYNTOR!—Sighs and tears,
 And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice sup-
 The rest was agony and dumb despair. (press'd:

Now, o'er their heads damp night her stormy
 gloom
 Spred, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
 With huge and heavy horror closing round:
 In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
 The moving tale, AURELIUS deeply felt:
 And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,
 With soft assenting sorrow in his look,
 And words to soothe, not combat hopeless love.

AMYNTOR, by that heaven who sees thy tears!
 By faith and friendship's sympathy divine!
 Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
 This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
 Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just?
 How long in silent anguish to descend,
 When Reason and when Fondness o'er the tomb
 Are fellow-mourners? He, who can resign,
 Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the sense,
 The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
 Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
 No mansion for humanity, or thought
 Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,

And tender pity; whose kind tear adorns
 The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
 They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
 For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
 Our social sighs: and still, as morn unveils
 The brightening hill, or evening's misty shade
 Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
 Her mind all-lovely, each enobling each,
 Shall be our frequent theme. Then shalt thou hear
 From me, in sad return, a tale of woes,
 So terrible—AMYNTOR, thy pain'd heart,
 Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
 That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark;
 And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk.
 Here break we off: and thou, sad mourner, try
 Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
 With timely sleep. Each gracious Wing from
 Of those that minister to erring man; (heaven
 Near-hovering, hush thy passions into calm;
 Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
 Of brightest vision; whisper to thy heart
 That holy peace which goodness ever shares;
 And to us both be friendly as we need,

End of the First Canto.

AMYNTOR

AMYNTOR

AND

THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

CANTO II.

Now midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
Vapor and cloud. Around th' unsleeping Isle,
Yet howl'd the whirlwind; yet the billow groan'd;
And, in mix'd horror, to AMYNTOR's ear
Borne thro' the gloom, his shrinking sense appall'd.
Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
Again pale Memory labors in the storm:
Again from her is torn, whom more than life
His fondness lov'd. And now, another shower
Of sorrow, o'er the dear unhappy Maid,
Effusive stream'd; till late, thro' every power
The soul subdu'd sunk sad to slow repose:

74 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

And all darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pause from pain
Not long to last: for Fancy, oft awake
While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
To mock with mimic shews. And lo! the deeps
In airy tumult swell. Beneath a hill
AMYNTOR heaves of overwhelming seas;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the shadowy world
Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
Where solitary, o'er the starless void, (length,
Dumb silence broods. Thro' heaths of dreary
Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar thro' the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyfs,
Rose THEODORA. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide.
A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales be-
Sung spousals, as along th' enamel'd turf (neath
They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
The Fair encircled: thrice she fled his grasp.

And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
O turn! O stay thy flight!—so loud he cry'd,
Sleep and its train of humid vapors fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering shadow blaz'd;
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
The vale, the shore with darkling step he roam'd,
Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound:
Then, scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor reason's
voice,

Nor ow'd submission to the will of heaven,
Restrains him; but, as passion whirls his thought,
Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
Tho' passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
To which himself had borne th'unhappy Fair,
May yet be seen. Around, o'er sea and shore,
He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold!

Tho' now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours

76 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and sea: while, all-unveil'd,
The vast horizon on AMYNTOR's eye
Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great,
Magnificently various. From this steep,
Diffus'd immense in rowling prospect lay
The northern deep. Amidst, from space to space,
Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air,
Shoot gradual from her bosom: and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills;
A thousand landscapes! barren some and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock amazing up to heaven,
Of horrid grandeur: some with sounding ash,
Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the sun's adorning beam;
Who now, fair-rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Mean while AURELIUS, wak'd from sweet repose,
Repose that Temperance sheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful Guest
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rights
And virtue's rule enjoin: but first to HIM,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly sense to glow, his matin-song,
Superior duty, thus the sage address.

Fountain of light! from whom yon orient sun
First drew his splendor; Source of life and love!
Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling
face

The boundless blush of spring; O First and Best!
Thy essence, tho' from human sight and search,
Tho' from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himself,
Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
The maker's hand, on all his works impress,
In characters coëval with the sun,
And with the sun to last; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd,
Sole revelation thro' all time the same.
Hail universal Goodness! with full stream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Thro' earth, air, sea, to all things that have life;
From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
The great community of nature's sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore; with free-will crown'd.
Where virtue leads to follow and be blest.
O whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe

78 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
Thro' this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
With-hold or grant: and let that will be done.

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal'd: such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respires
In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial, can thro' age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. AURELIUS mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began.

O sight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Even in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
A feeling tear! Whom yesterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess
That Fancy, trans'd in fairest vision, dreams;
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
Each bliss that cheers; there, on the damp earth spread,
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,

Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to fights that but inflame
Its tender anguish—

Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd
The frantic Mourner, could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony
I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought,
For ever freed. To me the sun is lost:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O sainted maid!
For such in heaven thou art, if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet these names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeless limbs: that I—O grief supreme!
O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd
For such a task?—that I those dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and weeping there,
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
These eyes in peace, and mixt this dust with thine!
Such and so dire, reply'd the cordial Friend
In pity's look and language, such, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,

So AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This bosom ravag'd. Harken then, good Youth;
My story mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it seems, to ballance and to bear.

In me, a man behold, whose morn serene,
Whose noon of better life, with honor spent,
In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
Drew fair distinction on my public name,
From those among mankind, the nobler few,
Whose praise is fame: but there, in that true source
Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
In home-found peace and love, supremely blest!
Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd,
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven, the same!
At last, AMYNTOR, in my failing age,
Fallen from such height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
Stings deep the heart and cloathes the cheek with
shame!

Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O sovereign REASON! all deriv'd,
From POWER that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by HIMSELF observ'd,

The GOD prescribes, whose sanction KINGS pretend!

O CHARLES! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeless years, th' oppressor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
Of want and voe, of danger and despair,
As Heaven has thine, to pity their distress!

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far th' unhallow'd licence of abuse;
Be far the bitterness of faintly zeal;
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In Justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too;
Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss,
Fair Freedom, birth-right of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which GOD, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

But if, disclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince,
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.

82 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

For say, AMYNTOR, does just heaven enjoin
That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
Engulph their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
Of wintry hill, or waste untravel'd heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of Power
Extended fatal, but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk:
My self, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the social life renounc'd,
Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To shameful death adjudg'd; against my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds,
And this blind fury of commission'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal Foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,
Was given in charge: a Foe, whom blood-stain'd zeal
For what (O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!
Lest thy rous'd thunder burst) for what was deem'd
Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute,

More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
 To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
 Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
 Familiar, and in each dire art of death
 Train'd ruthless up. As tygers on their prey,
 On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
 Devouring fell: nor that sequester'd shade,
 That sweet recess, where love and virtue long
 In happy league had dwelt, which war itself
 Beheld with reverence, could their fury scape;
 Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames:
 For flame and rapine their consuming march,
 From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
 So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
 Embodiy'd locusts from the wing descend
 On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
 While, waste behind, Destruction on their track
 And ghastly Famine wait. My wife and child
 He drag'd, the ruffian drag'd—O heaven! do I,
 A man, survive to tell it? at the hour
 Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
 Of all who saw and curs'd his coward-rage,
 He forc'd unpirying from their midnight-bed,
 By menace, or by torture, from their fears
 My last retreat to learn; and still detains
 Beneath his roof accurst. That best of wives!
 EMILIA! and our only pledge of love,
 My blooming THEODORA!—Manhood there,
 And nature bleed—Ah! let not busy thought

84 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
 Discovery, there, once more my peace of mind
 Might wreck; once more to desperation sink
 My hopes in heaven. He said: but O sad Muse!
 Can all thy moving energy, of power
 To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,
 With words that weep, and strains that agonize;
 Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
 Tell what AMYNTOR feels? O heaven, art thou—
 What have I heard?—AURELIUS! art thou He?—
 Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
 And O most wretched too! alas, no more,
 No more a father—On that fatal flood,
 Thy THEODORA—At these words he fell:
 A deadly cold ran freezing thro' his veins;
 And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
 For ever to forsake. As on his way
 The traveller, from heaven by lightning struck,
 Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
 With terror glaring wild; his stiffening limbs
 In sudden marble bound: so flood, so look'd
 The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
 Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,
 No tear had force to flow; his senses all,
 Thro' all their powers, suspended, and subdu'd
 To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
 Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
 Ere first the thunder breaks—on either side
 Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,

As from some vision that to frenzy fires
 The sleeper's brain, AMYNTOR waking wild,
 A ponyard, hid beneath his various robe,
 Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
 Let all thy wrongs be visited; and thus
 My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd
 The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm,
 AURELIUS, tho' with deep dismay and dread,
 And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
 Collecting; and resuming all himself,
 Seiz'd sudden: then perusing with strict eye,
 And bearing heart, AMYNTOR's blooming form;
 Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
 To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke.

O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet stay
 Thy hand self-violent; nor thus to guilt,
 If guilt is thine, accumulating add
 A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
 Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
 Shall man first violate the law divine,
 That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
 Resign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
 Of fair dismissal hence; shall man do this,
 Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
 Red with the sin, and recent from the stain,
 Of unrepented blood? Call home thy sense;
 Know what thou art, and own his hand most just,
 Rewarding or afflicting—But say on.

36 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
Recals thy words, recals their dire import:
They urge me on; they bid me ask no more—
What would I ask? My THEODORA's fate,
Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then fin'd,
Good heaven! beyond all grace—But shall I blame
His rage of grief, and in myself admit
Its wild excess? Heaven gave her to my wish;
That gift Heaven has resum'd: righteous in both,
For both his Providence be ever blest!

By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
AMYNTOR, slow-recovering into thought,
Submissive on his knee, the good man's hand
Grasp'd close, and bore with ardor to his lips,
His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence spoke,
Thro' swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
Now rose to meet, now shun'd the HERMIT's glance
Shot awful at him: till, the various swell
Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke:

What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch unknown?
Whom knowing even thy goodness must abhor.
Mistaken man! the honor of thy name,
Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.
I am—AURELIUS! turn that look aside,
That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, heaven!
Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond

ROLANDO's son : by your more sacred ties,
As to his crimes , an alien to his blood ;
For crimes like his—

ROLANDO's son ? Just heaven !

Ha ! here ? and in my power ? A war of thoughts ,
All-terrible arising , shakes my frame
With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
The Father's heart , tho' seas are spread between ,
Were great revenge !—Away : revenge ? on whom ?
Alas ! on my own soul ; by rage betray'd
Even to the crime my reason most condemns
In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he spoke ;
And his own ponyard o'er the prostrate youth
Suspended held. But as , the welcome blow ,
With arms display'd , AMYNTOR seem'd to court ,
Behold , in sudden confluence gathering round
The Natives stood ; whom kindness hither drew ,
The Man unknown , with each relieving aid
Of love and care , as ancient rites ordain ,
To succour and to serve. Before them came
MONTANO , venerable sage , whose head
The hand of time with twenty winters' snow
Had shower'd ; and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity , behind her cloudy veil ,
Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him , after pause ,
AURELIUS drew apart , and in his care
AMYNTOR plac'd ; to lodge him and secure ;
To save him from himself , as one , with grief

Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

The End of the Second Canto.

A M Y N T O R
A N D
T H E O D O R A :
O R,
T H E H E R M I T .
C A N T O I I I .

W H E R E Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
With triple fork to heaven, the mounted sun
Full, from the midmost, shot in dazling stream
His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
And nodding as they move, their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
Around its rocks to graze: for, strange to tell *!

* The cows often feed on the *alga marina*: and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood, tho', at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 156.

90 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

The hour of ebb, tho' ever varying found,
 As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
 Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
 Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,
 To all its creatures equal in its care,
 Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide
 To labor and repose a simple race,
 These native signs to due repast at noon,
 Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle:
 All but AURELIUS. He, unhappy man,
 By nature's voice solicited in vain,
 Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
 The CHILD no more! the MOTHER's fate untold!
 Both in black prospect rising to his eye -
 'Twas anguish there; 'twas here distracting doubt!
 Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
 Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
 Inclined alternate, summoning each aid
 That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
 Superior rising, in the might of HIM,
 Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light,
 Omnipotent can draw; again resign'd,
 Again he sacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
 Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast;
 The sigh soft memory prompts; the tender tear,
 That, streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost,
 With mournful magic tortures and delights,
 Relieves us, while its sweet oppression loads,
 And, by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As Reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
 And thro' the darkness shot her sun-bright ray
 That strengthens while it cheers; behold from far
 AMYNTOR slow-approaching! On his front,
 O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
 Attraction, sweetly sad. His noble port,
 Majestic in distress, AURELIUS mark'd;
 And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
 With social softness. Strait, before the door
 Of his moss-silver'd cell, they sat them down
 In counterview: and thus the Youth began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
 AMYNTOR's story: then, as Justice sees,
 On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
 Absolve him or condemn — But O! may I,
 A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
 Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every son
 By heaven made sacred; and by nature's hand,
 With honor, duty, love, her triple pale,
 Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
 Of each irreverent thought. — These eyes, alas!
 The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal
 Too near beheld: its madness how extreme;
 How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
 Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
 Train'd on to holy mischief. Scene abhorr'd!
 Fell cruelty let loose in mercy's name:
 Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
 Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron-scourge

92 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
That POWER whose law is meekness; and, for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.

Flexile of will, misjudging tho' sincere,
ROLANDO caught the spread infection, plung'd
Implicite into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His course unjust to violence and rage.

Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of BEAUTY, nor the MATRON's sacred age,
Secure from wrongs, could innocence secure;
Found reverence or distinction. Yet, sustain'd
By conscious worth within, the matchless PAIR
Their threatening fate, imprisonment and scorn
And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdu'd
To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
Not built on pride, not courting vain applause;
But calmly constant, without effort great,
What reason dictates, and what heaven approves.

But how proceed, AURELIUS? in what sounds
Of gracious cadence, of assuasive power,
My further story cloathe? O could I steal
From harmony her softest-warbled strain
Of melting air! or zephyr's vernal voice!
Or philomela's song, when love dissolves
To liquid blandishment his evening-lay,
All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
Then might AMYNTOR, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and secret thro' his breast,

As morning rises o'er the midnight-shade,
 What first was ow'd humanity to both,
 Assisting piety and tender thought,
 Grew swift and silent into love for one:
 My sole offence—if love can then offend,
 When virtue lights and reverence guards its
 flame.

O THEODORA! who thy world of charms,
 That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
 Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
 Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,
 That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
 For all in thee was native; from within
 Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
 From its unfailing source! and then too, seen
 In milder lights; by sorrow's shading hand
 Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,
 By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
 O sweetness without name! when Love looks on
 With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul
 Endears, ennobles Her, whom fate afflicts,
 Or fortune leaves unhappy! Passion then
 Refines to virtue: then a purer train
 Of heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
 By self-regard, or thought of due return,
 The breast expanding, all its powers exalt
 To emulate what reason best conceives
 Of love celestial; whose preventient aid
 Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,

94 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe!

By this plain courtship of the honest heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle Maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
To mutual love. O fortune's fairest hour!
O seen but not enjoy'd, just hail'd and lost
Its flattering brightness! THEODORA's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught ROLANDO's eye:
And love, (if wild desire, of fancy born,
By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
Profanes not) love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks
back,

Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of silence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe
Dash'd with indignant scorn; each harbour'd
thought

Of soft emotion or of social sense,
Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
That bigot-rage embosoms, fled at once:
And all the savage reassum'd his breast.
'Tis just, he cry'd: who thus invites disdain,

Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
 Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
 And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
 When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,
 Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
 Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal scorn
 Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
 To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
 The mortal worm that on EMILIA'S frame
 Had prey'd unseen, now deep thro' all her powers
 Its poison spread, and kill'd their vital growth.
 Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
 Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
 AURELIUS, O most injur'd of mankind!
 Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
 To woe, new anguish, and to grief, despair?—
 She is no more—

O providence severe!

AURELIUS smote his breast, and groaning cry'd,
 But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice,
 Offroward grief: and to the Will supreme
 In justice awful, lowly bending his,
 Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
 By all the war of nature tho' assail'd, (grace
 Escap'd his lips. What! shall we from heaven's
 With life receiving happiness, our share
 Of ill refuse? And are afflictions aught
 But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,
 Medicinal tho' bitter, and prepar'd

96 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

By love's own hand for salutary ends.
But were they ill indeed; can fond complaint
Arrest the wing of time? Can grief command
This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again
The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corse
To light and life restore? Blest pair, farewell!
Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
Of human fondness fighting in the breast,
And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
And let me call thee son (for O that name
Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too sadly have deserv'd)
On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore. The patient man
Thus spoke: AMYNTOR thus his story clos'd.

As dumb with anguish, round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
Her closing eyes; then fixing, in cold gaze,
On THEODORA's face—O save my child!
She said: and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I saw her shrouded; bid eternal peace
Her shade receive, and, with the truest tears
Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.

What then remain'd for honor or for love?
What, but that scene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd and terrible with death,

ROLANDO'S

ROLANDO's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
 When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
 With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon
 Ascending mournful in the midnight-sphere;
 On that drear spot, within whose cavern'd womb
 EMILIA sleeps, and by the turf that veils
 Her honor'd clay, alone and kneeling there,
 I found my THEODORA! Thrill'd with awe,
 With sacred terror, which the time, the place
 Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
 My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand
 Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene!
 By night's pale regent! by yon glorious train
 Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
 By death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
 That once was man, now mould'ring here below!
 But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb,
 Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
 Th' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps,
 As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
 Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
 Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence:
 To where, safe-station'd in a secret bay,
 Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
 That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
 We sail'd—But, O my Father; can I speak
 What yet remains? yon ocean black with storm!
 Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!
 The speechless crew aghast! and that lost Fair!

98 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: or,

Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
 And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
 For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm,
 Expiring, sinking with her fears she hung!
 I kiss'd her pale cold cheek: with tears adjur'd,
 And won at last, with sums of profer'd gold,
 The boldest mariners, this precious charge
 Instant to save; and, in the skiff secur'd,
 Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
 With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
 To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
 A sea swell'd o'er and plung'd me in the gulph,
 Nor me alone: its broad and billowing sweep
 Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious heaven!
 My fatal love on her devoted head
 Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due
 To me and mine: or was AMYNTOR sav'd
 For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
 For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
 And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
 Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd:
 With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
 To heaven uplifted, motionless and mute
 He stood, the mournful semblance of despair.
 The lamp of day, tho' from mid-noon declin'd,
 Still flaming with full ardor, shot on earth
 Oppressive brightness round; till in soft steam,
 From ocean's bosom his light vapors drawn,
 With grateful intervention o'er the sky

Their veil diffusive spread; the scene abroad
 Soft-shadowing, vale, and plain, and dazzling hill.
 AURELIUS, with his guest, the western cliff
 Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
 From whence in double stream a lucid source
 Rowl'd founding forth, and where with dewy wing
 Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
 Till cooler hours arise. The subject Isle
 Her village-capital, where health and peace
 Are tutelary Gods; her small domain
 Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
 That branching bear refreshful moisture on
 To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
 Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,
 Lay full in view. From scene to scene around
 AURELIUS gaz'd; and, sighing, thus began.

Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
 The human race are sons of sorrow born.
 Heirs of transmitted labor and disease,
 Of pain and grief, from sire to son deriv'd,
 All have their mournful portion; all must bear
 Th'impos'd condition of their mortal state,
 Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye
 Where yonder vale, AMYNTOR, sloping spreads
 Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose-lap,
 From hence due east. AMYNTOR look'd and saw,
 Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
 Where thrice three Females, earnest each and arm'd
 With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd

100 AMYNTOR and THEODORA: OR,

For future harvest, These the trenchant spade,
To turn the mold and break th' adhesive clods,
Employ'd assiduous. Those, with equal pace
And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white
With fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'erlabour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.

Behold! AURELIUS thus his speech renew'd,
From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
What yet necessity demands severe.
Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
The Husbands of those widow'd Mates, who now
For both must labor, launch'd, in quest of food,
Their island-skiff adventurous on the deep.
Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd
The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
As annual on from shore to shore they move
In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the south a gust of furious wing,
Upspringing, drove to sea: and left in tears
This little world of brothers and of friends!
But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the surging tide, and broken oars,
To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd

The wreck before furmiz'd; one general groan,
 To heaven ascending, spoke the general breast
 With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless
 plaint,
 Thro' these hoarse rocks, on this resounding shore,
 At morn was heard: at midnight too were seen,
 Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height,
 The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
 With eager gaze—till from yon lesser Isle,
 Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
 Full north, behold! above the soaring lark,
 Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
 With curling mists—at last from yon hoar hills,
 Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze,
 And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
 Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
 Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
 Successive kindled, and from night to night
 Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
 Took her gay turn to reign; and nature now
 From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
 By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
 How from yon rocky prison to release
 Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
 Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege
 Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains
 The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
 With love-taught skill and vigor not their own,
 On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare.

AMYNTOR, who the tale distressful heard *
 With sympathizing sorrow, on himself,
 On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
 Rapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left;
 And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
 Or sailing level on the polar gale
 That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
 The summer-nations of these pregnant cliffs,
 Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
 Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
 His parent-beam that animates and cheers
 All living kinds. He, glorious from amidst
 A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
 Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
 Wav'd one unbounded blush: a scene to strike
 Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
 But, lost to outward sense, AMYNTOR pass'd
 Regardless on, thro' other walks convey'd
 Of baleful prospect; which pale Fancy rais'd
 Incessant to herself, and fabled o'er
 With darkest night, meet region for despair!
 Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
 Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
 Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,

* The author, who relates this story, adds, that the
 produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had
 seen for many years before. *Vide Martin's descrip. of the*
Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

At distance saw, descending on the shore,
 Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
 A double band, who by their gestures strange
 There fix'd him wondering: for at once they knelt
 With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as seem'd,
 One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise.
 Then, slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:
 Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
 On either side supported, onward came
 Pale and of piteous look, a pensive Maid;
 As one by wasting sickness fore assail'd,
 Or plung'd in grief profound—Oh all ye powers!
 AMYNTOR startling cry'd, and shot his soul
 In rapid glance before him on her face.
 Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
 Runs chill: my feet are rooted here—and see!
 To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
 The Spirits who this ocean waste and wild
 Sill hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
 Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
 The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd,
 So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
 Embodiy'd, featur'd it with all her charms—
 And lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
 With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!
 He ran, he flew: his clasping arms receiv'd
 Her sinking weight—O earth, and air, and sea!
 'Tis she! 'tis THEODORA! Power divine,
 Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here;

Omnipotent in mercy ! As he spoke ,
 Adown his cheek , thro' shivering joy and doubt ,
 The tear fast-falling stream'd. My love ! my life !
 Soul of my wishes ! sav'd beyond all faith !
 Return to life and me. O fly , my friends ,
 Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
 The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
 Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs ,
 My THEODORA , yet awake : 'tis I ,
 'Tis poor AMYNTOR calls thee ! At that name ,
 That potent name , her spirit from the verge
 Of death recall'd , she trembling rais'd her eyes ;
 Trembling , his neck with eager grasp entwin'd ,
 And murmur'd out his name : then sunk again ;
 Then swoon'd upon his bosom , thro' excess
 Of blifs unhop'd , too mighty for her frame.
 The rose-bud thus , that to the beam serene
 Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms ,
 Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease !
 For now , while on her face these men unknown
 The stream , with cool asperision , busy cast ,
 His eyes beheld , with wonder and amaze ,
 Beheld in them—his friends ! th' adventurous few
 Who bore her to the skiff ! whose daring skill
 Had sav'd her from the deep ! As , o'er her cheek ,
 Rekindling life , like morn , its light diffus'd
 In dawning purple ; from their lips he learn'd ,
 How to yon Isle , yon round of moss clad hills ,

Borera nam'd, before the tempest borne,
 These Islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
 (So heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
 With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
 Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
 Its prow directed safe— He heard no more:
 The rest already known, his every sense,
 His full-collected soul, on her alone
 Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
 This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

AMYNTOR! O my life's recover'd hope!
 My soul's despair and rapture! —can this be?
 Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
 Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
 Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
 Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
 'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart
 Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
 How vent the boundless transport that expands
 My laboring thought? th' unutterable bliss,
 Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
 The breast they charm—AMYNTOR, O support
 This swimming brain: I would not now be torn
 Again from life and thee; nor cause thy heart
 A second pang. At this, dilated high
 The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
 Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
 Now found, and broke in tender dew away
 Of heart-relieving tears, As o'er its charge,

With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
 The guardian-Genius hovers, so the youth,
 On her lov'd face, assiduous and alarm'd,
 In silent fondness dwelt: while all his soul,
 With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
 Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
 The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
 Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
 For further joy her soft impressible frame.

O happy! tho' as yet thou know'st not half
 The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentlest mind,
 Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
 For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
 With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
 When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
 Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
 On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this Isle,
 Thy god-like father lives! and lo—but curb,
 Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
 'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
 The mountain's side descend!—Abrupt from his
 Her hand she drew; and, as on wings upborne,
 Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
 Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
 His THEODORA! To his arms he rais'd
 The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
 My father!—O my child! at once they cry'd;
 Nor more. The rest ecstatic silence spoke,
 And nature from her inmost seat of sense

Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this blest scene,
Where emulous in either bosom strove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile;
And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down!

Nor theirs alone this blissful hour: the joy
With instant flow, from shore to shore along
Diffusive ran; and all th' exulting isle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain bosom love and nature wept:
While each a fire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiss'd.

Now, while the song,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd
Aloud to heaven; MONTANO, reverend Seer,
(Whose eye prophetic far thro' time's abyss,
Could shoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
Yet immature and in their causes hid,
Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood:
His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes
From outward vision held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror, seen,
And glowing radiant to his mental sight.

They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercaft,

With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd
 Her drooping plains : while dawning rosy round
 A purer morning lights up all her skies !
 He comes , behold ! the great deliverer comes !
 Immortal WILLIAM , borne triumphant on ,
 From yonder orient , o'er propitious seas ,
 White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet ,
 A floating forest , stretch'd from shore to shore !
 See ! with spread wing Britannia's GENIUS flies ,
 Before his prow ; commands the speeding gales
 To waft him on ; and , o'er the Hero's head ,
 Inwreath'd with olive bears the lawrel-crown.
 Blest emblem , peace with liberty restor'd !
 And hark ! from either strand , which nations hide ,
 To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd
 What thunders of acclaim ! AURELIUS , man
 By heaven belov'd , thou too that sacred sun
 Shalt live to hail ; shalt warm thee in his shine !
 I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
 Of thy lov'd vale , amid a smiling race
 From this blest Pair to spring : whom equal faith ,
 And equal fondness , in soft league shall hold
 From youth to reverend age ; the calmer hours
 Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn ;
 Thro' life thy comfort , and in death thy crown !

T H E E N D.

PORSENNA,
KING OF RUSSIA.

IN TWO BOOKS.

FORSENNIA
KING OF RUSSIA
IN TWO BOOKS

PORSENNA, KING OF RUSSIA.

BOOK I.

IN Russia's frozen clime some ages since
There dwelt, historians say, a worthy prince,
Who to his people's good confin'd his care,
And fix'd the basis of his empire there;
Inlarg'd their trade, the lib'ral arts improv'd;
Made nations happy, and himself belov'd;
To all the neighb'ring states a terror grown,
The dear delight, and glory of his own.
Not like those kings, who vainly seek renown,
From countries ruin'd, and from battles won;
Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws despise,
Call murder but a princely exercise,
And if one bloodless fun should steal away,
Cry out with Titus, they have lost a day;
Who, to be more than men, themselves debase
Beneath the brute, their Maker's form deface,
Raising their titles by their God's disgrace. }
Like fame to bold Erostratus we give,
Who scorn'd by less than sacrilege to live;

On holy ruins rais'd a lasting name,
And in the temple's fire diffus'd his shame;
Far different praises, and a brighter fame,
The virtues of the young Porfenna claim;
For by that name the Russian king was known,
And sure a nobler ne'er adorn'd the throne.
In war he knew the deathful sword to wield,
And sought the thickest dangers of the field,
A bold commander; but, the storm o'erblown,
He seem'd as he were made for peace alone;
Then was the golden age again restor'd,
Nor less his justice honour'd than his sword.
All needless pomp, and outward grandeur spar'd,
The deeds that grac'd him were his only guard;
No private views beneath a borrow'd name;
His and the public interest were the same.
In wealth and pleasure let the subject live,
But virtue is the king's prerogative;
Porfenna there without a rival stood,
And would maintain his right of doing good.
Nor did his person less attraction wear,
Such majesty and sweetness mingled there;
Heav'n with uncommon art the clay refin'd,
A proper mansion for so fair a mind;
Each look, each action bore peculiar grace,
And love itself was painted on his face.
In peaceful time he suffer'd not his mind
To rust in sloth, though much to peace inclin'd;
Nor wanton in the lap of pleasure lay,

And lost to glory loiter'd life away ;
But active rising ere the prime of day ,
Through woods and lonely desarts lov'd to stray ;
With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear ,
Or rouse the tawny lion from his laire ;
To rid the forest of the savage brood ,
And whet his courage for his country's good.

One day , as he pursued the dang'rous sport ,
Attended by the nobles of his court ,
It chanc'd a beast of more than common speed
Sprang from the brake, and through the desert fled,
The ardent prince impetuous as the wind
Rush'd on , and left his lagging train behind.
Fir'd with the chace , and full of youthful blood ,
O'er plains, and vales, and woodland wilds he rode ,
Urging his courser's speed , nor thought the day
How wasted , nor how intricate the way ;
Nor , 'till the night in dusky clouds came on ,
Restrain'd his pace , or found himself alone.
Missing his train , he strove to measure back
The road he came, but could not find the track ,
Still turning to the place he left before ,
And only lab'ring to be lost the more.
The bugle horn , which o'er his shoulders hung ,
So loud he winded , that the forest rung ;
In vain , no voice but Echo from the ground ,
And vocal woods made mock'ry of the sound.

And now the gath'ring clouds began to spread
O'er the dun face of night a deeper shade ;

And the hoarse thunder growling from afar,
 With herald voice proclaim'd th' approaching war;
 Silence awhile ensued,—then by degrees
 A hollow wind came mutt'ring through the trees.
 Sudden the full-fraught sky discharg'd its store,
 Of rain and rattling hail a mingled show'r;
 The active light'ning ran along the ground;
 The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around,
 And the wide forests trembled at the sound. }
 Amazement seiz'd the prince;—where could he fly?
 No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh.
 Pensive and unresolv'd awhile he stood,
 Beneath the scanty covert of the wood;
 But drove from thence soon fallied forth again,
 As chance directed, on the dreary plain;
 Constrain'd his melancholy way to take
 Through many a loathsome bog, and thorny }
 brake,
 Caught in the thicket, flound'ring in the lake.
 Wet with the storm, and wearied with the way,
 By hunger pinch'd, himself to beasts a prey;
 Nor wine to cheer his heart, nor fire to burn,
 Nor place to rest, nor prospect to return.
 Drooping and spiritless, at life's despair,
 He bade it pass, not worth his farther care;
 When suddenly he spied a distant light, (night,
 That faintly twinkled through the gloom of }
 And his heart leap'd for joy, and bless'd the wel-
 come sight.

Oft-times he doubted, it appear'd so far,
And hung so high, 'twas nothing but a star,
Or kindled vapour wand'ring through the sky,
But still press'd on his steed, still kept it in his eye;
'Till, much fatigue, and many dangers past,
At a huge mountain he arriv'd at last.
There, lighting from his horse, on hands and knees
Grop'd out the darksome road, by slow degrees,
Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged way;
The thunder rolls above, the flames around him
play.

Joyful at length he gain'd the steepy height,
And found the rift whence sprang the friendly light.
And here he stopp'd to rest his wearied feet,
And weigh the perils he had still to meet;
Unsheath'd his trusty sword, and dealt his eyes
With caution round him to prevent surprize;
Then summon'd all the forces of his mind,
And ent'ring boldly cast his fears behind:
Resolv'd to push his way, whate'er withstood,
Or perish bravely as a monarch should.

While he the wonders of the place survey'd,
And through the various cells at random stray'd,
In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
Somewhat, that in the shape of woman stood;
But more deform'd than dreams can represent
The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint
The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.

She look'd as nature made her to disgrace
 Her kind, and cast a blot on all the race;
 Her shrivel'd skin with yellow spots besmear'd
 Like mouldy records seem'd; hereyes were blear'd;
 Her feeble limbs with age and palsy shook;
 Bent was her body, haggard was her look.
 From the dark nook outcrept the filthy crone,
 And propp'd upon her crutch came tott'ring on.

The prince in civil guise approach'd the dame,
 Told her his piteous case, and whence he came,
 And 'till Aurora should the shades expel,
 Implor'd a lodging in her friendly cell.
 Mortal, whoe'er thou art, the fiend began,
 And as she spake, a deadly horror ran (fook,
 Through all his frame: his cheeks the blood for-
 Chatter'd his teeth, his knees together struck.
 Whoe'er thou art, that with presumption rude
 Dar'st on our sacred privacy intrude,
 And without licence in our court appear,
 Know, thou'rt the first that ever enter'd here.
 But since thou plead'st excuse, thou'rt hither
 brought

More by thy fortune than thy own default,
 Thy crime, though great, an easy pardon finds,
 For mercy ever dwells in royal minds;
 And would you learn from whose indulgent hand
 You live, and in whose awful presence stand,
 Know farther, through yon wide extended plains
 Great Eolus the king of tempests reigns,

And in this lofty palace makes abode,
Well suited to his state, and worthy of the God,
The various elements his empire own,
And pay their humble homage at his throne;
And hither all the storms and clouds resort,
Proud to increase the splendor of his court.

His queen am I, from whom the beauteous race
Of winds arose, sweet fruit of our embrace!

She scarce had ended, when, with wild uproar,
And horrid din, her sons impetuous pour
Around the cave; came rushing in amain
Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boist'rous train;
And close behind them on a whirlwind rode
In clouded majesty the bluff'ring God.

Their locks a thousand ways were blown about;
Their cheeks like full-blown bladders strutted out;
Their boasting talk was of the feats th' had done,
Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown;
And when they kindly turn'd then to accost
The prince, they almost pierc'd him with their

The gaping hag in fix'd attention stood, (frost.
And at the close of every tale cried—good,
Blessing with outstretch'd arms each darling son,
In due proportion to the mischief done.

And where, said she, does little Zephyr stray?
Know ye, my sons, your brother's rout to-day?
In what bold deeds does he his hours employ?
Grant heav'n no evil has befall'n my boy!
Ne'er was he known to linger thus before.

Scarce had she spoke , when at the cavern door
 Came lightly tripping in a form more fair
 Than the young poet's fond ideas are ,
 When fir'd with love he tries his utmost art
 To paint the beauteous tyrant of his heart.

A satin vest his slender shape confin'd ,
 Embroider'd o'er with flow'rs of every kind ,
 Flora's own work , when first the Goddess strove
 To win the little wanderer to her love.

Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made ,
 Silver his buskins , and with gems o'erlaid ;
 A saffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd ,
 And added grace and grandeur as he trod.
 His wings than lillies whiter to behold ,
 Sprinkled with azure spots , and streak'd with gold ;
 So thin their form , and of so light a kind ,
 That they for ever danc'd , and flutter'd in the wind ,
 Around his temples with becoming air ,
 In wanton ringlets curl'd his auburn hair ,
 And o'er his shoulders negligently spread ;
 A wreath of fragrant roses crown'd his head.

Such his attire , but O ! no pen can trace ,
 No words can shew the beauties of his face ;
 So kind ! so winning ! so divinely fair !
 Eternal youth and pleasure flourish there ;
 There all the little loves and graces meet ,
 And every thing that's soft , and every thing that's
 sweet.

Thou vagrant , cried the dame in angry tone ,

Where could'st thou loiter thus so long alone?
Little thou car'st what anxious thoughts molest,
What pangs are lab'ring in a mother's breast.
Well do you shew your duty by your haste,
For thou of all my sons art always last;
A child less fondled would have fled more fast. }

Sure 'tis a curse on mothers, doom'd to mourn,
Where best they love, the least and worst return.

My dear mamma, the gentle youth replied,
And made a low obeisance, cease to chide,
Nor wound me with your words, for well you
know

Your Zephyr bears a part in all your woe;
How great must be his sorrow then to learn
That he himself's the cause of your concern!
Nor had I loiter'd thus had I been free,
But the fair princess of Felicity
Intreated me to make some short delay;
And ask'd by her who could refuse to stay?

Surrounded by the damsels of her court
She sought the shady grove, her lov'd resort;
Fresh rose the grass, the flow'rs were mix'd be-
tween,

Like rich embroid'ry on a ground of green,
And in the midst, protected by the shade,
A crystal stream in wild meanders play'd;
While in its banks, the trembling leaves among,
A thousand little birds in concert sung.
Close by a mount with fragrant shrubs o'ergrown,

On a cool mossy couch she laid her down;
 Her air, her posture, all conspir'd to please;
 Her head, upon her snowy arm at ease
 Reclin'd, a studied carelessness express'd;
 Loose lay her robe, and naked heav'd her breast,
 Eager I flew to that delightful place,
 And pour'd a show'r of kisses on her face;
 Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breast, her arms,
 Like bees o'er flow'rs, and tasted all her charms;
 And then her lips, and then her cheeks I tried,
 And fann'd, and wanton'd round on every side.
 O Zephyr, cried the fair, thou charming boy,
 Thy presence only can create me joy;
 To me thou art beyond expression dear,
 Nor can I quit the place while thou art here.
 Excuse my weakness, madam, when I swear
 Such gentle words join'd with so soft an air,
 Pronounc'd so sweetly from a mouth so fair,
 Quite ravish'd all my sense, nor did I know,
 How long I staid; or when, or where to go.

Mean while the damsels debonnair and gay,
 Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away:
 These in soft notes address'd the ravish'd ear,
 And warbled out so sweet, 'twas heav'n to hear;
 And those in rings, beneath the greenwood shade,
 Danc'd to the melody their fellows made.
 Some studious of themselves, employ'd their care
 In weaving flow'ry wreaths to deck their hair;
 While others to some fav'rite plant convey'd

Refreshing

Refreshing show'rs, and cheer'd its drooping head,
A joy so general spread through all the place,
Such satisfaction dwelt on every face,
The nymphs so kind, so lovely look'd the queen,
That never eye beheld a sweeter scene.

Porfenna, like a statue fix'd appear'd,
And wrapp'd in silent wonder, gaz'd and heard;
Much he admir'd the speech, the speaker more,
And dwelt on every word, and griev'd to find it
o'er.

O gentle youth, he cried, proceed to tell,
In what fair country does this princess dwell;
What regions unexplor'd, what hidden coast
Can so much goodness, so much beauty boast?

To whom the winged god with gracious look,
Numberless sweets diffusing while he spoke,
Thus answer'd kind – These happy gardens lie
Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder sky;
Their name – The kingdom of Felicity.

Sweet scenes of endless bliss, enchanted ground,
A soil for ever sought, but seldom found;
Though in the search all human kind in vain
Weary their wits, and waste their lives in pain.
In diff'rent parties, diff'rent paths they tread,
As reason guides them, or as follies lead;
These wrangling for the place they ne'er shall see,
Debating those, if such a place there be;
But not the wisest, nor the best can say
Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.

Some few , by Fortune favour'd for her sport ,
Have fail'd in sight of this delightful port ;
In thought already seiz'd the blest'd abodes ,
And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.
Fruitless attempt ! all avenues are kept
By dreadful foes , sentry that never slept.
Here fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath
Fraught with a thousand stings , and scatters death ;
Sharp-sighted Envy there maintains her post ,
And shakes her flaming brand , and stalks around
the coast.

These on the helpless bark their fury pour ,
Plunge in the waves , or dash against the shore ;
Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to
mourn ,

And ne'er must rest but in the silent urn. (bear

But say , young monarch , for what name you
Your mien , your dress , your person , all declare ;
And though I seldom fan the frozen north ,
Yet I have heard of brave Porsenna's worth.

My brother Boreas through the world has flown ,
Swelling his breath to spread forth your renown ;
Say , would you choose to visit this retreat ,
And view the world where all these wonders meet ?
Wish you some friend o'er that tempestuous sea
To bear you safe ! behold that friend in me.

My active wings shall all their force employ ,
And nimbly waft you to the realms of joy ;
As once , to gratify the god of Love ,

I bore fair Psyche to the Cyprian grove ;
Or as Jove's bird , descending from on high ,
Snatch'd the young Trojan trembling to the sky.
There perfect bliss thou may'st for ever share ,
'Scap'd from the busy world , and all its care ;
There in the lovely princess thou shalt find
A mistress ever blooming , ever kind.
All ecstasy on air Porfenna trod ,
And to his bosom strain'd the little god ;
With grateful sentiments his heart o'erflow'd ,
And in the warmest words millions of thanks be-
When Eolus in surly humour broke (stow'd.
Their strict embrace , and thus abruptly spoke,
Enough of compliment ; I hate the sport
Of meanless words ; this is no human court ;
Where plain and honest are discarded quite ,
For the more modish title of polite ;
Where in soft speeches hypocrites impart
The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart ;
In friendship's holy guise their guilt improve ,
And kindly kill with specious shew of love.
For us , — my subjects are not us'd to wait ,
And waste their hours to hear a mortal prate ;
They must abroad before the rising sun , (done.
And hie 'em to the seas : there's mischief to be
Excuse my plainness , Sir , but business stands ,
And we have storms and shipwrecks on our hands.

He ended frowning , and the noisy rout ,
Each to his several cell went puffing out.

But Zephyr, far more courteous than the rest;
 To his own bow'r convey'd the royal guest;
 There on a bed of roses neatly laid,
 Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle shade,
 His limbs to needful rest the prince applied;
 His sweet companion slumb'ring by his side.

B O O K I I.

N O sooner in her silver chariot rose
 The ruddy morn, than sated with repose
 The prince address'd his host; the God awoke,
 And leaping from his couch, thus kindly spoke:
 This early call, my lord, that chides my slay,
 Requires my thanks, and I with joy obey.
 Like you I long to reach the blissful coast,
 Hate the slow night, and mourn the moments lost:
 The bright Rosinda, loveliest of the fair
 That crowd the princess' court, demands my care;
 Ev'n now with fears and jealousies o'erborn
 Upbraids, and calls me cruel and forsworn.
 What sweet rewards on all my toils attend,
 Serving at once my mistress and my friend!
 Just to my love and to my duty too,
 Well paid in her, well pleas'd in pleasing you.
 This said, he led him to the cavern gate,
 And clasp'd him in his arms, and pois'd his weight;
 Then ballancing his body here and there,
 Stretch'd forth his agile wings, and launch'd in air;

Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
Shoots to its goal, and gleams athwart the sky.
Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play;
There glide at ease along the liquid way;
Now lightly skim the plain with even flight;
Now proudly soar above the mountain's height.

Spiteful Detraction, whose envenom'd hate
Sports with the suff'rings of the good and great,
Spare not our prince, but with opprobrious sneer
Arraigns him of the heinous sin of fear;
That he, so tried in arms, whose very name
Infus'd a secret panic where it came,
Ev'n he, as high above the clouds he flew,
And spied the mountains less'ning to the view,
Nought round him but the wide expanded air,
Helpless, abandon'd to a stripling's care,
Struck with the rapid whirl, and dreadful height,
Confess'd some faint alarm, some little fright.

The friendly God, who instantly divin'd
The terrors that possess'd his fellow's mind,
To calm his troubled thoughts, and cheat the way,
Describ'd the nations that beneath them lay,
The name, the climate, and the soil's increase,
Their arms in war, their government in peace;
Shew'd their domestic arts, their foreign trade,
What int'rest they pursued, what leagues they
made.

The sweet discourse so charm'd Porfenna's ear,
That lost in joy he had no time for fear;

From Scandinavia's cold inclement waste
 O'er wide Germania's various realms they past,
 And now on Albion's fields suspend their toil,
 And hover for a while, and bless the soil.
 O'er the gay scene the prince delighted hung,
 And gaz'd in rapture, and forgot his tongue;
 'Till bursting forth at length, Behold, cried he,
 The promis'd isle, the land I long'd to see;
 Those plains, those vales, and fruitful hills declare
 My queen, my charmer must inhabit there.
 Thus rav'd the monarch, and the gentle guide,
 Pleas'd with his error, thus in smiles replied.

I must applaud, my lord, the lucky thought;
 Ev'n I, who know th' original, am caught,
 And doubt my senses, when I view the draught.
 The slow-ascending hill, the lofty wood
 That mantles o'er its brow, the silver flood
 Wand'ring in mazes through the flow'ry mead,
 The herd that in the plenteous pastures feed,
 And every object, every scene excites
 Fresh wonder in my soul, and fills with new
 delights:

Dwells cheerful Plenty there, and learned Ease,
 And Art with Nature seems at strife to please.
 There Liberty, delightful goddess, reigns,
 Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains;
 There firmly seated may she ever smile,
 And show'r her blessings o'er her fav'rite isle!
 But see, the rising sun reproves our stay.

He said, and to the ocean wing'd his way,
Stretching his course to climates then unknown,
Nations that swelter in the burning zone.
There in Peruvian vales a moment staid,
And smooth'd his wings beneath the citron shade;
Then swift his oary pinions plied again, (main;
Cross'd the new world, and fought the Southern
Where many a wet and weary league o'erpass'd,
The wish'd-for paradise appear'd at last.

With force abated now they gently sweep
O'er the smooth surface of the shining deep;
The Dryads hail'd them from the distant shore,
The Nereids play'd around, the Tritons swam
before,

While soft Favonius their arrival greets,
And breathes his welcome in a thousand sweets.

Nor pale disease, nor health-consuming care,
Nor wrath, nor foul revenge can enter there;
No vapour's foggy gloom imbrowns the sky;
No tempests rage, no angry lightnings fly;
But dews, and soft-refreshing airs are found,
And pure ætherial azure shines around.

Whate'er the sweet Sabæan soil can boast,
Or Mecca's plains, or India's spicy coast;
What Hybla's hills, or rich Cæbalia's fields,
Or flow'ry vale of fam'd Hymettus yields;
Or what of old th' Hesperian orchard grac'd;
All that was e'er delicious to the taste,
Sweet to the smell, or lovely to the view,

Collected there with added beauty grew.
High-tow'ring to the heav'ns the trees are seen ;
Their bulk immense , their leaf for ever green ;
So closely interwove , the tell-tale sun
Can ne'er descry the deeds beneath them done ,
But where by fits the sportive gales divide
Their tender tops , and fan the leaves aside.
Like a smooth carpet at their feet lies spread
The matted grass , by bubbling fountains fed ;
And on each bough the feather'd choir employ
Their melting notes , and nought is heard but joy.
The painted flow'rs exhale a rich perfume ,
The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom ,
And Spring and Autumn hand in hand appear ,
Lead on the merry months , and join to cloath the
year.

Here , o'er the mountain's shaggy summit pour'd ,
From rock to rock the rumbling torrent roar'd ,
While beauteous Iris in the vale below
Paints on the rising fumes her radiant bow.
Now through the meads the mazy current stray'd ,
Now hid its wand'rings in the myrtle shade ;
Or in a thousand veins divides its store ,
Visits each plant , refreshes every flow'r ;
O'er gems and golden sands in murmurs flows ,
And sweetly sooths the soul , and lulls to soft
If hunger call , no sooner can the mind (repose.
Express her will to needful food inclin'd ,
But in some cool recess , or op'ning glade ,

The seats are plac'd, the tables neatly laid,
And instantly convey'd by magic hand
In comely rows the costly dishes stand;
Meats of all kinds that nature can impart,
Prepar'd in all the nicest forms of art,
A troop of sprightly nymphs array'd in green,
With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come scudding in;
With fragrant blossoms these adorn the feast,
Those with officious zeal attend the guest;
Beneath his feet the silken carpet spread,
Or sprinkle liquid odours o'er his head.
Others in ruby cups with roses bound
Delightful! deal the sparkling nectar round;
Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay;
The lyres resound, the merry minstrels play,
Gay health, and youthful joys o'erspread the place,
And swell each heart, and triumph in each face.
So when embolden'd by the vernal air,
The busy bees to blooming fields repair;
For various use employ their chymic pow'r;
One culls the snowy pounce, one sucks the flow'r;
Again to diff'rent works returning home,
Some * steeve the honey, some erect the comb;
All for the general good in concert strive,
And every soul's in motion, every limb's alive.
And now descending from his flight, the God
On the green turf releas'd his precious load;
There, after mutual salutations past,

* Or stive, stipand.

And endless friendship vow'd, they part in haste;
Zephyr impatient to behold his love, (ve;
The prince in raptures wand'ring through the gro-
Now skipping on, and singing as he went,
Now stopping short to give his transports vent;
With sudden gusts of happiness oppress'd,
Or stands entranc'd, or raves like one possess'd;
His mind afloat, his wand'ring senses quite
O'ercome with charms, and frantic with delight;
From scene to scene by random steps convey'd,
Admires the distant views, explores the secret
shade,

Dwells on each spot, with eager eye devours
The woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the
bow'rs;

New sweets, new joys at every glance arise,
And every turn creates a fresh surprize.

Close by the borders of a rising wood,
In a green vale a crystal grotto flood;
And o'er its side, beneath a beechen shade,
In broken falls a silver fountain play'd.
Hither, attracted by the murm'ring stream,
And cool recess, the pleas'd Porfenna came,
And on the tender grass reclining chose
To wave his joys awhile, and take a short repose.
The scene invites him, and the wanton breeze
That whispers through the vale, the dancing trees,
The warbling birds, and rills that gently creep,
All join their music to prolong his sleep.

The princess for her morning walk prepar'd ;
The female troops attend, a beauteous guard.
Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair ;
Tall was her stature , unconfin'd her air ;
Proportion deck'd her limbs , and in her face
Lay love inshrin'd , lay sweet attractive grace
Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd ,
And like a lambent flame around her play'd.
No foreign aids , by mortal ladies worn ,
From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn ;
For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd ,
'Tis render'd more suspected at the least ;
And foul defects , that would escape the sight ,
Start from the piece , and take a stronger light.
Her chesnut hair in careless rings around
Her temples wav'd , with pinks and jes'mine
And , gather'd in a silken cord behind , (crown'd ,
Curl'd to the waist , and floated in the wind ;
O'er these a veil of yellow gauze she wore ,
With amaranths and gold embroider'd o'er.
Her snowy neck half naked to the view
Gracefully fell ; a robe of purple hue
Hung loosely o'er her slender shape , and tried
To shade those beauties , that it could not hide.

The damsels of her train with mirth and song
Frolic behind , and laugh and sport along.
The birds proclaim their queen from every tree ;
The beasts run frisking through the groves to see ;
The Loves , the Pleasures , and the Graces meet

In antic rounds , and dance before her feet.
 By whate'er fancy led , it chanc'd that day
 They through the secret valley took their way ,
 And to the crystal grot advancing spied
 The prince extended by the fountain's side.

He look'd as , by some skilful hand express'd ,
 Apollo's youthful form retir'd to rest ;
 When with the chace fatigued he quits the wood
 For Pindus' vale , and Aganippe's flood ;
 There sleeps secure , his careless limbs display'd
 At ease , encircled by the laurel shade ;
 Beneath his head his sheaf of arrows lie ,
 His bow unbent hangs negligently by.
 The slumb'ring prince might boast an equal grace ,
 So turn'd his limbs , so beautiful his face.

Waking he started from the ground in haste ,
 And saw the beauteous choir around him plac'd ;
 Then , summoning his senses , ran to meet
 The queen , and laid him humbly at her feet :
 Deign , lovely princess , to behold , said he ,
 One , who has travers'd all the world to see }
 Those charms , and worship thy divinity :
 Accept thy slave , and with a gracious smile
 Excuse his rashness , and reward his toil.
 Stood motionless the fair with mute surprize ,
 And read him over with admiring eyes ;
 And while she stedfast gaz'd , a pleasing smart
 Ran thrilling through her veins , and reach'd her
heart,

Each limb she scann'd , consider'd every grace ,
And sagely judg'd him of the phoenix race.
An animal like this she ne'er had known ,
And thence concluded there could be but one ;
The creature too had all the phoenix air ;
None but the phoenix could appear so fair.
The more she look'd , the more she thought it
true ,

And call'd him by that name , to shew she knew ,

O handsome phoenix , for that such you are
We know : your beauty does your breed declare ;
And I with sorrow own through all my coast
No other bird can such perfection boast ;
For Nature form'd you single and alone :
Alas ! what pity 'tis there is but one !

Were there a queen so fortunate to shew
An aviary of charming birds like you ,
What envy would her happiness create
In all , who saw the glories of her state !

The prince laugh'd inwardly , surpriz'd to find
So strange a speech , so innocent a mind.
The compliment indeed did some offence
To reason , and a little wrong'd her sense ;
He could not let it pass , but told his name ,
And what he was , and whence , and why he came ;
And hinted other things of high concern
For him to mention , and for her to learn ;
And she 'ad a piercing wit , of wond'rous reach
To comprehend whatever he could teach ,

Thus hand in hand they to the palace walk,
Pleas'd and instructed with each other's talk.

Here, should I tell furniture's expence,
And all the structure's vast magnificence,
Describe the walls of shining saphire made,
With emerald and pearl the floors inlaid,
And how the vaulted canopies unfold
A mimic heav'n, and flame with gems and gold;
Or how Felicity regales her guest,
The wit, the mirth, the music, and the feast;
And on each part bestow the praises due,
'Twould tire the writer, and the reader too.
My amorous tale a softer path pursues:
Love and the happy pair demand my Muse.
O could her art in equal terms express
The lives they lead, the pleasures they possess!
Fortune had ne'er so plenteously before
Bestow'd her gifts, nor can she lavish more.
'Tis heav'n itself, 'tis ecstasy of bliss,
Uninterrupted joy, untir'd excess;
Mirth following mirth the moments dance away;
Love claims the night, and friendship rules the day.

Their tender care no cold indiff'rence knows;
No jealousies disturb their sweet repose;
No sickness, no decay; but youthful grace,
And constant beauty shines in either face.
Benumbing age may mortal charms invade,
Flow'rs of a day that do but bloom and fade;
Far diff'rent here, on them it only blows

The lilly's white, and spreads the blushing rose;
No conquest o'er those radiant eyes can boast;
They like the stars shine brighter in its frost;
Nor fear its rigour, nor its rule obey;
All seasons are the same, and every month is May.

Alas! how vain is happiness below!

Man soon or late must have his share of woe:
Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind;
His griefs wound home, and leave a sting behind.
His lot distinguish'd from the brute appears
Less certain by his laughter than his tears;
For ignorance too oft our pleasure breeds,
But sorrow from the reas'ning soul proceeds.

If man on earth in endless bliss could be,
The boon, young prince, had been bestow'd on
thee.

Bright shone thy stars, thy fortune flourish'd fair,
And seem'd secure beyond the reach of care,
And so might still have been, but anxious thought
Has dash'd thy cup, and thou must taste the draught.

It so befel, as on a certain day

This happy couple roy'd their time away,
He ask'd how many charming hours were flown,
Since on her slave her heav'n of beauty shone.
Should I consult my heart, cried he, the rate
Were small, a week would be the utmost date:
But when my mind reflects on actions past,
And counts its joys, time must have fled more fast.
Perhaps I might have said, three months are gone,

Three months! replied the fair, three months alone!
 Know that three hundred years have roll'd away,
 Since at my feet the lovely phoenix lay.

Three hundred years! re-echo'd back the prince,
 A whole three hundred years compleated since
 I landed here! O! whither then are flown
 My dearest friends, my subjects, and my throne?
 How strange, alas! how alter'd shall I find
 Each earthly thing, each scene I left behind!
 Who knows me now? on whom shall I depend
 To gain my rights! where shall I find a friend!
 My crown perhaps may grace a foreign line,
 A race of kings, that know not me nor mine;
 Who reigns may wish my death, his subjects treat
 My claim with scorn, and call their prince a cheat.
 Oh had my life been ended as begun!

My destin'd stage, my race of glory run,
 I should have died well pleas'd; my honour'd name
 Had liv'd, had flourish'd in the list of fame;
 Reflecting now my mind with horror sees
 The sad survey, a scene of shameful ease,
 The odious blot, the scandal of my race,
 Scarce known, and only mention'd with disgrace.

The fair beheld him with impatient eye,
 And red with anger made this warm reply.
 Ungrateful man! is this the kind return
 My love deserves? and can you thus with scorn
 Reject what once you priz'd, what once you swore
 Surpass'd all charms, and made ev'n glory poor?

What gifts have I bestow'd, what favours shewn!
Made you partaker of my bed and throne;
Three centuries preserv'd in youthful prime,
Safe from the rage of death, and injuries of time,
Weak arguments! for glory reigns above
The feeble ties of gratitude and love.
I urge them not, nor would request your stay;
The phantom glory calls, and I obey;
All other virtues are regardless quite,
Sunk and absorb'd in that superior light.
Go, then, barbarian, to thy realms return,
And shew thyself unworthy my concern;
Go, tell the world, your tender heart could give
Death to the princess, by whose care you live.

At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'erspread,
Cold trembling seiz'd her limbs, her spirits fled;
She sunk into his arms: the prince was mov'd,
Felt all her griefs, for still he greatly lov'd.
He sigh'd, he wish'd he could forget his throne,
Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone;
But glory shot him deep, the venom'd dart
Was fix'd within, and rankled at his heart;
He could not hide its wounds, but pin'd away
Like a sick flow'r, and languish'd in decay.
An age no longer like a month appears,
But every month becomes a hundred years.

Felicity was griev'd, and could not bear
A scene so chang'd, a sight of so much care,
She told him with a look of cold disdain,

And seeming ease, as women well can feign,
 He might depart at will; a milder air
 Would mend his health; he was no pris'ner there;
 She kept him not, and wish'd he ne'er might find
 Cause to regret the place he left behind;
 Which once he lov'd, and where he still must own,
 He had at least some little pleasure known.

If these prophetic words awhile destroy
 His peace, the former ballance it in joy.
 He thank'd her for her kind concern, but chose
 To quit the place, the rest let heav'n dispose.
 For Fate, on mischiefs bent, perverts the will,
 And first infatuates whom it means to kill.

Aurora now, not, as she wont to rise,
 In gay attire ring'd with a thousand dyes,
 But sober-sad in solemn state appears,
 Clad in a dusky veil bedew'd with tears.
 Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot spread,
 A faded wreath hangs drooping from her head.
 The sick'ning sun emits a feeble ray,
 Half drown'd in fogs, and struggling into day.
 Some black event the threat'ning skies foretel.
 Porfenna rose to take his last farewell.
 A curious vest the mournful princess brought,
 And armour by the Lemnian artist wrought;
 A shining lance with secret virtue stor'd,
 And of resistless force a magic sword;
 Caparisons and gems of wond'rous price,
 And loaded him with gifts and good advice;

But chief she gave, and what he most would need,
The fleetest of her stud, a flying steed.
The swift Grifippo, said th' afflicted fair,
(Such was the courser's name) with speed shall }
And place you safely in your native air; (bear,
Assist against the foe, with matchless might
Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight:
With care protect you till the danger cease,
Your trust in war, your ornament in peace.
But this, I warn, beware; whate'er shall lay
To intercept your course, or tempt your stay,
Quit not your saddle, nor your speed abate,
'Till safely landed at your palace gate.
On this alone depends your weal or woe;
Such is the will of Fate, and so the Gods foreshew.
He in the softest terms repaid her love,
And vow'd, nor age, nor absence should remove
His constant faith, and sure she could not blame
A short divorce due to his injur'd fame.
The debt discharg'd, then should her soldier come
Gay from the field, and flush'd with conquest,
With equal ardour her affection meet, (home;
And lay his laurels at his mistress' feet.
He ceas'd, and sighing took a kind adieu;
Then urg'd his steed; the fierce Grifippo flew;
With rapid force outstripp'd the lagging wind,
And left the blissful shores, and weeping fair be-
(hind;
Now o'er the seas pursued his airy flight,

Now scower'd the plains, and climb'd the mountain's height.

Thus driving on at speed the prince had run
Near half his course, when, with the setting sun,
As through a lonely lane he chanc'd to ride,
With rocks and bushes fenc'd on either side,
He spied a waggon full of wings, that lay
Broke and o'erturn'd across the narrow way.
The helpless driver on the dirty road
Lay struggling, crush'd beneath th' incumbent load,
Never in human shape was seen before
A wight so pale, so feeble, and so poor.
Comparisons of age would do him wrong,
For Nestor's self, if plac'd by him, were young.
His limbs were naked all, and worn so thin,
The bones seem'd starting through the parchment
skin,
His eyes half drown'd in rheum, his accents weak,
Bald was his head, and furrow'd was his cheek.

The conscious steed stopp'd short in deadly
fright,

And back recoiling stretch'd his wings for flight.
When thus the wretch with supplicating tone,
And rueful face, began his piteous moan,
And, as he spake, the tears ran trickling down. }
O gentle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd
Thy soul to gen'rous deeds, if e'er thy mind
Was touch'd with soft distress, extend thy care
To save an old man's life, and ease the load I bear.

So
Pro
M
Too
And
Lea
Ren
Just
The
The
Seiz'
Stroo
O
Bello
Rece
My n
Thes
Worn
Thro
But Fa
Then
And se
Till fo
And th
Scar
When,
Too la
A sad,
He cha

So may propitious heav'n your journey speed,
Prolong your days, and all your vows succeed.

Mov'd with the pray'r the kind Porfenna staid,
Too nobly-minded to refuse his aid,
And, prudence yielding to superior grief,
Leap'd from his steed, and ran to his relief;
Remov'd the weight, and gave the pris'ner breath,
Just choak'd, and gasping on the verge of death.
Then reach'd his hand, when lightly with a bound
The grizly spectre vaulting from the ground,
Seiz'd him with sudden gripe, th' astonish'd prince
Stood horror-struck, and thoughtless of defence.

O king of Russia, with a thund'ring sound
Bellow'd the ghastly fiend, at length thou'rt found.
Receive the ruler of mankind, and know,
My name is Time, thy ever-dreaded foe.
These feet are founder'd, and the wings you see
Worn to the pinions in pursuit of thee;
Through all the world in vain for ages sought,
But Fate has doom'd thee now, and thou art caught.
Then round his neck his arms he nimbly cast,
And seiz'd him by the throat, and grasp'd him fast;
Till forc'd at length the soul forsook its seat,
And the pale breathless corse fell bleeding at his feet.

Scarce had the cursed spoiler left his prey,
When, so it chanc'd, young Zephyr pass'd that way,
Too late his presence to assist his friend,
A sad, but helpless witness of his end.
He chafes, and fans, and strives in vain to cure

His streaming wounds; the work was done too sure,
Now lightly with a soft embrace uprears
The lifeless load; and bathes it in his tears:
Then to the blissful seats with speed conveys,
And graceful on the mossy carpet lays
With decent care, close by the fountain's side,
Where first the princess had her phoenix spied.
There with sweet flow'rs his lovely limbs he
strew'd,
And gave a parting kiss, and sighs and tears be-
To that sad solitude the weeping dame, (flow'd.
Wild with her loss, and swoln with sorrow, came.
There was she wont to vent her griefs, and mourn
Those dear delights that must no more return.
Thither that morn with more than usual care
She sped, but oh what joy to find him there!
As just arriv'd, and weary with the way,
Retir'd to soft repose her hero lay.
Now near approaching she began to creep
With careful steps, loth to disturb his sleep;
'Till quite o'ercome with tenderness she flew,
And round his neck her arms in transport threw.
But, when she found him dead, no tongue can tell
The pangs she felt; she shriek'd, and swooning fell.
Waking, with loud laments she pierc'd the skies,
And fill'd th' affrighted forest with her cries.
That fatal hour the palace gates she barr'd,
And fix'd around the coast a stronger guard;
Now rare appearing, and at distance seen,

With crowds of black misfortunes plac'd between;
Mischiefs of every kind, corroding care,
And fears, and jealousies, and dark despair.
And since that day (the wretched world must own
' These mournful truths by sad experience known)
No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,
And every thing on earth submits to Time.

THE

With the exception of the few who have been able to escape the clutches of the enemy, the rest of the population have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution. The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution. The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution.

The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution. The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution. The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution.

The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution. The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution. The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution.

The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution. The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution. The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution.

The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution. The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution. The few who have been able to escape have been reduced to a state of starvation and destitution.

THE

THE
TRAVELLER;
OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

THE
TRAVELLER;
OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

I
a
D
to
do
th
S
be
up
sta
Fa
an
a y
I
do
up
and
left
are

TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication ; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few ; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying

away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from differing systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it, and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the ryger that seldom desists from

purſuing man after having once preyed upon human fleſh , the reader , who has once gratified his appetite with calumny , makes , ever after , the moſt agreeable feaſt upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire ſome half-witted thing , who wants to be thought a bold man , having loſt the character of a wiſe one. Him they dignify with the name of poet ; his tawdry lampoons are called ſatires , his turbulence is ſaid to be force , and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find , which has neither abuſe , party , nor blank verſe to ſupport it , I cannot tell , nor am I ſolicitous to know. My aims are right. Without eſpouſing the cauſe of any party , I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to ſhew , that there may be equal happineſs in ſtates , that are differently governed from our own ; that every ſtate has a particular principle of happineſs , and that this principle in each may be carried to a miſchievous exceſs. There are few can judge , better than yourſelf , how far theſe poſitions are illuſtrated in this Poem.

I am , dear Sir ,

Your moſt affectionate Brother ,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DECLARATION

That the undersigned, being of legal age and of sound mind, do hereby declare that we are the true and lawful owners of the property herein described, and that we have no interest in the same, except as herein stated. We do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original, and that the same has been duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of [] State of [].

Witness my hand and seal this [] day of [] 19[]

[Signature]

[Signature]

CITY OF []

A
B
T
B
A

THE TRAVELLER;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lyes,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;

Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around,
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care,
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. (crown'd,
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour.

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
 For me your tributary stores combine;
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man sup-
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall, (plies:
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease;
 The naked negroe, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine.
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country ever is, at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share;
Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her blifs at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest. (fails,
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,

That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast,

Far to the right where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil:
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain,
Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind,

For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
 At her command the palace learnt to rise, (state;
 Again the long-fallen column fought the skies;
 The canvass glow'd beyond ev'n Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unman'd, and lords without a slave:
 And late the nation found with fruitless skill
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade,
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
 The sports of children satisfy the child;
 Each nobler aim repress'd by long controul,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind:
 As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,

The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
 And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swifs their stormy mansions
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread; (tread,
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But Man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
 No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
 He sees his little lot the lot of all; (small,
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
 To make him loath his vegetable meal;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose;
 Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous plow-share to the steep;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
 His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
 And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
 For every want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame;

Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
 For, as refinement stops from fire to son
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play (the way,
 Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm
 These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
 And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;

Yet would the village praise my wonderous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in geftic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays;
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their blifs supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace,
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,

To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies,
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently flow
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth im-
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; (parts
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind!
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state.
 With daring aims irregularly great,
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man. (here;
 Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd

Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
 But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy:
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stopt, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms;
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for
 One sink of level avarice shall lie, (fame;
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
 Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire;

And thou fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells; in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour

When first ambition struck at regal power ;
 And thus polluting honour in its source ,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force .
 Have we not seen , round Britain's peopled shore ,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste ,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ;
 Seen opulence , her grandeur to maintain ,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train ,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose ,
 In barren solitary pomp repose ?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call ,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall ;
 Beheld the duteous son , the fire decay'd ,
 The modest matron , and the blushing maid ,
 Forc'd from their homes , a melancholy train ,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around ,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

Even now , perhaps , as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forests , and through dangerous
 ways ;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim ,
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim ;
 There , while above the giddy tempest flies ,
 And all around distressful yells arise ,
 The pensive exile , bending with his woe ,
 To stop too fearful , and too faint to go ,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine ,

And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
Why have I stray'd, from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

DESERTED VILLAGE.

TO

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I Can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I don't pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it

H

deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the encrease of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the

DEDICATION.

171

question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring
 swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;

174 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And flights of art and feats of strength went round;
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown
 By holding out to fire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks re-
 prove :

These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like
 these,

With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
 shed, (are fled.

These were thy charms — But all these charms

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:

One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But choaked with sedges, works its weedy way.

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;

Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE 173

Sunk are thy bowers, in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These far departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

176 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour ;
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here as I take my solitary rounds ,
 Amidst thy tangling walks , and ruined grounds ;
 And , many a year elapsed , return to view
 Where once the cottage stood , the hawthorn grew ,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train ,
 Swells at my breast , and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care ,
 In all my griefs—and GOD has given my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown ,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close ,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
 I still had hopes , for pride attends us still ,
 Amidst the swains to shew my book-learned skill ,
 Around my fire an evening groupe to draw ,
 And tell of all I felt , and all I saw ;
 And , as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue ,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew ,
 I still had hopes , my long vexations past ,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement , friend to life's decline ,
 Retreats from care that never must be mine ,
 How happy he who crowns in shades like these ,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try ,
 And , since 'tis hard to combat , learns to fly.
 For him no wretches , born to work and weep ,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 177

Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No furlly porter stands in guilty state
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate,
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His Heaven commences ere the world be past!!!

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There as I past with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whisper-
 ing wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made,
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,

178 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain. (smil'd,

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his
place;

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken foldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and shewed how fields were
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies;
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was layed,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
 smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,

180 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, (storm,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
 For even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length, and thundering
 sound,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 181

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed , and still the wonder grew ,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed , is forgot.
Near yonder thorn , that lifts its head on high ,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye ,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspired ,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired ,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound ,

And news much older than their ale went round ;
Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The white-washed wall , the nicely sanded floor ,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the
The chest contrived a double debt to pay , (door ;
A bed by night , a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use ,
The twelve good rules , the royal game of goose ;
The hearth , except when winter chill'd the day ,
With aspen boughs , and flowers , and fennel gay ,
While broken tea-cups , wisely kept for shew ,
Ranged o'er the chimney , glistened in a row .

Vain transitory splendours ! Could not all
Reprieve the rottering mansion from its fall !
Obscure it sinks ; nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;

182 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news , the barber's tale ;
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear ,
Relax his ponderous strength , and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round ;
Nor the coy maid , half willing to be prest ,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride , the proud disdain ,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear , congenial to my heart ,
One native charm , than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous joys , where Nature has its play ,
The soul adopts , and owns their first born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind ,
Unenvied , unmolested , unconfined.
But the long pomp , the midnight masquerade ,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed ,
In these , ere triflers half their wish obtain ,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And , even while fashion's brightest arts decoy ,
The heart distrustful asks , if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth , ye statesmen , who survey
The rich man's joys encrease , the poor's decay ,
'Tis yours to judge , how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore ,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 183

And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards , even beyond the miser's wish abound ,
And rich men flock from all the world around .
Yet count our gains . This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same .
Not so the loss . The man of wealth and pride ,
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake , his park's extended bounds ,
Space for his horses , equipage , and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth ,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their
growth ;

His seat , where solitary sports are seen ,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies ,
For all the luxuries the world supplies .
While thus the land adorned for pleasure , all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall .

As some fair female unadorned and plain ,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign ,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies ;
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes .
But when those charms are past , for charms are
frail ,

When time advances , and when lovers fail ,
She then shines forth , solicitous to please ,
In all the glaring impotence of dress .
Thus fares the land , by luxury betrayed ;
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed ;

184 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprize;
 While scourged by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
 To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
 display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!

THE DESERTED VILLAGE 18;

Are these thy serious thoughts? —Ah, turn thine
eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies,
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? (train,
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling, (ed,
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown.

186 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey ;
 And savage men , more murderous still than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies ,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene ,
 The cooling brook , the grassy vested green ,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove ,
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
 ing day ,
 That called them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles , every pleasure past ,
 Hung round their bowers , and fondly looked
 their last ,
 And took a long farewell , and wished in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep ,
 Returned and wept , and still returned to weep.
 The good old fire , the first prepared to go
 To new found worlds , and wept for others woe.
 But for himself , in conscious virtue brave ,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter , lovelier in her tears ,
 The fond companion of his helpless years ,
 Silent went next , neglectful of her charms ,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 189

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose ;
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear ,
And claspt them close in sorrow doubly dear ;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! Thou curst by Heaven's decree ;
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions , with insidious joy ,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms , by thee , to sickly greatness grown ,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;
At every draught more large and large they grow ,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
Till sapped their strength , and every part unsound ,
Down , down they sink , and spread a ruin round .

Even now the devastation is begun ,
And half the business of destruction done ;
Even now , methinks , as pondering here I stand ,
I see the rural virtues leave the land :
Down where yon anchoring vessels spread the sail ,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale ,
Downward they move , a melancholy band ,
Pass from the shore , and darken all the strand .
Contented toil , and hospitable care ,
And kind connubial tenderness , are there ;
And piety , with wishes placed above ,
And steady loyalty , and faithful love :
And thou , sweet Poetry , thou loveliest maid ,

188 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried;
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excell,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
 Farewell, and O where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
 Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him that states of native strength possess,
 Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

T H E
H E R M I T.

THE DECEASED

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

F

From

The

His

Rem

Pray

A

Seen

Tha

This

His

And

So v

Calr

Dow

And

But

Swift

And

Bank

To

To f

1901

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the renour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives impress
Calm Nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees and skies, in thick disorder run,
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right.

(For yet by swains alone the world he knew ;
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell ; the Pilgrim-staff he bore ,
 - And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went ,
 Sedate to think , and watching each event .

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass ,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day ,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent , his complexion fair ,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair .
 Then near approaching , Father , hail ! he cry'd ,
 And hail , my Son , the rev'rend Sire reply'd ;
 Words follow'd words , from question answer flow'd ,
 - And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
 'Till each with other pleas'd , and loth to part ,
 While in their age they differ , join in heart .
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound ,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around .

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward , mantled o'er with sober grey ;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass ,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass .
 - It chanc'd the noble master of the dome ,
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
 - Yet still the kindness , form a thirst of praise ,

Prov'

Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive ; the liv'ry'd servants wait :
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo ;
 His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,
 So seem'd the Sire ; when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wiley partner shew'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
 heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,

That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
It's owner's temper tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls:
— Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich a life so poor and rude;

And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face;
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom
 wrought
 With all the travel of uncertain thought;
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wand'ers want a place to ly.
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.
 Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,

Then blest the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair;
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrim's part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in funder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries:
Detested wretch—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man;
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpl'd air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display,
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,

And let the scruples be no longer thine :

The Maker justly claims that world he made ,

In this the right of providence is laid ;

Its sacred majesty thro' all depends

On using second means to work his ends :

'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye ,

The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high ,

Your actions uses, nor controuls your will ,

And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize ,

Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?

Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just ,

And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food ,

Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;

Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine ,

And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine ,

Has , with the cup , the graceless custom lost ,

And still he welcomes , but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door ,

Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;

With him I left the cup , to teach his mind

That Heav'n can bless , if mortals will be kind.

Conscious of wanting worth , he views the bowl ,

And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Thus artists melt the fullen oar of lead ,

With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow ,

And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heav'n, on earth thy will be done;
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

THE END.

And look! from above, the silver was below.
 Long had our pious friend in virtue stood,
 But now the half-way mark he had from God
 (Child of passage) for him he had to go,
 And meeter's back his steps to earth again.
 The world, which had his home, was now his foe,
 But God, to save the soul, was now his friend.
 To all our friends, a new world was to be
 (And 'twas my duty to deal the blow)
 The pious friend, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns himself the punishment was due.
 The blow had all his fortune felt a wreck,
 Had he, this time, been in the way,
 This might have been a new world to him,
 And what a kind of thing would he be!
 Thus he, in his own mind, was now a man,
 Depart in peace, saying, and no more.
 On founding himself the world was now
 The light of world was now his friend,
 Thus look'd a light which was his friend,
 His mother took the child, and he was now
 The new world was his friend, and he was now
 The proper guest, and with a follow too.
 The bending heart had a new friend,
 Love! as it was, on earth, was now his friend,
 Then glory's shining, for his friend was now
 And had a life of glory and peace.



(A) (B) (C) (D) (E) (F) (G) (H) (I) (J) (K) (L) (M) (N) (O) (P) (Q) (R) (S) (T) (U) (V) (W) (X) (Y) (Z)